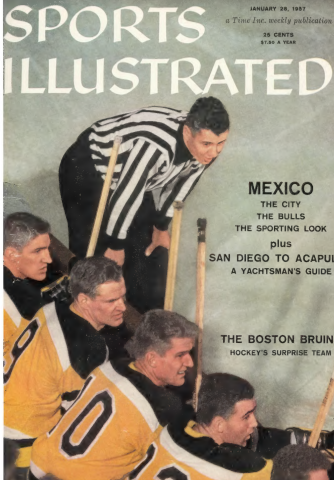


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



JANUARY 28, 1957

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MEXICO

THE CITY

THE BULLS

THE SPORTING LOOK

plus

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COVER: THE BOSTON BRUINS
Photograph by Jerry Cooke

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The hockey players on the cover are members of the surprise team of the current National League campaign. Watching the game with Linesman Bill Roberts are Jack Blonda, Cal Gardner, Allan Stanley, John Polman and Larry Rogan. For the success story of Coach Milt Schmidt and his Bruins, see page 30.

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The magnificent picture at right by David Hiltz comes alive in full color in Eric Bowen's report on the Miami-Nassau race

BASKETBALL'S UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

A lot of New York stars go south. Richard J. Schapp tells how they are liberated from Brooklyn



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

AS all of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors (and writers) do, Assistant Managing Editor Dick Johnston travels to get firsthand background information for stories. Last December found him in Mexico, the country which, in our expanding travel coverage, holds the foreground in this issue.

On December 8, excitement equal to the seventh game of a World Series centered on the Plaza El Toreo in Mexico City, where Fermin Rivera, Mexico's matador *placero* *en*, was returning to the ring after 14 months away. There 35,000 spectators sat respectfully silent as Rivera dedicated his first bull to President Eisenhower. His reason: Rivera's absence resulted from a heart attack he suffered in the same week the President had his.

To accept the dedication on behalf of President Eisenhower, Rivera chose SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and visiting Editor Johnston, who sat, according to time-honored dedication ritual, with the matador's hat in his lap while Rivera dispatched his bull. And also according to ritual, Johnston returned the hat—along with an invitation to dinner.

The dinner was a banquet, attended by Rivera and his staff, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Horace Sutton (*Footloose in Mexico City*, page 51) and many notable bullfight writers, including SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Rafael Delgado Lozano (*YOU SHOULD KNOW . . . if you are going to a bullfight*, page 52). Toasts were frequent, high points many. But the climax was Rivera's presentation to Johnston of his "suit of lights," the costly silk and gold costume in which he had fought.

From matadors there is no greater gift. By it Rivera expressed appreciation to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for coverage of his dangerous profession in a country where it is comparatively unreported, often misreported.

To Staff Writer Ezra Bowen, however, who was on a yacht conducting a different exploration of Mexico (see page 48), went (temporarily) the spoils. For although Johnston came back with the suit, it fits Bowen, as this picture shows.

As a travel souvenir, Johnston thinks his *traje de luces* is hard to beat, has challenged co-editors to try. This spring Managing Editor Salmy James will have his chance, at the Masters Tournament in Augusta (where noncompetitive souvenirs are hard to come by); Andre Laguerre his at the baseball training camps (Berra's favorite mitt, perhaps?); and Jack Tibby his at the Kentucky Derby. As for the last, Johnston says, "I think the only way Jack can tie this one is to come back with the blanket of roses."



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JIMMY JEMAIS

HOTBOX

The Question:

How much weight can a race horse carry without the danger of breaking down?

JOHN HAY (JOCK) WHITNEY



U.S. Ambassador to England, Co-owner Greentree Stable

As much weight as his owner has heart for. There is no scientific justification available for the claim that a highweight in itself will break a horse down. The advent of weight limitation is a device used by some tracks to attract name horses, thereby effectively impairing true handicaps.

SUNNY JIM FETZSIMMONS



New York Horse Institute

One horse might break down with 100 pounds while another might carry 150 pounds without trouble. You can't tell what really breaks a horse down. However, after you put 125 pounds or more on a distance horse, a lot can happen to him in the stretch. A tired horse is prone to injury.

EVERETT HIGBY



New York Corporation secretary

I do business with Major B. Spencer Freeman, who once owned part of Narrallah, sire of Nashua. Major Freeman is allied with Joe McGrath in running the Irish Sweepstakes. He thinks that it is dangerous from an investment viewpoint for a champion horse to carry over 135 pounds. So do I.

LADY SUZANNE WILKINS



Montrose, Pa. Painter and horsewoman

It depends on the type of horse, its age, the length of the race and the country in which the horse is bred. Australian horses are more sturdy than those bred in the U.S., Europe and Argentina. Depending on the type of race, a horse may safely be weighted between 100-140 pounds.

PETER S. HOWARD



San Francisco Photographer

Charles S. Howard, my grandfather, who owned Seabiscuit and Nasr, insisted that 136 pounds was the limit for the greatest horses. Tom Smith, the great trainer of Seabiscuit, Jet Pilot and Kagski II, told that more than 132 pounds on a horse could break him down. I agree with grandfather.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT WHITNEY



C. V. Whitney Stables

That's the great argument in handicapping. My own feeling is that the size of a horse should be a great factor. In other words, if a horse is 15 hands high he shouldn't carry as much weight as one 17 hands high. Some great horses have carried 140 pounds, and 130 would not be too much for them.

REX ELLSMORTH



Chico, Calif. Co-owner of Scepter

You're courting danger when you run a horse with 130 pounds or more. You don't like rising a valuable horse with a high handicap against one running with 100 pounds and worth about \$20,000. After hearing all the evidence, I think the public wants good horses to run in their own class.

ANN STUART ARNALL



Miss Alabama of 1946

The main consideration is to keep the speed high while imposing handicaps that will make racing interesting. For hundreds of years horses were able to support all sizes of cavalrymen. In the old days, the riders were heavy armor, to boot. Why stop at a dinky handicap of 130?

CHARLES F. DAVENPORT



Vice-president and general manager Prohail Farming

Top for all horses 4 years or older should be 128 pounds. Nashua's owners never did race him with more than 130 pounds. I don't blame them. The injuries to Native Dancer and Swaps might have been caused by highweights. Proper handicapping can be had by lowering weights all 'round.

CHARLES J. McLENNAN

*Director of racing
Hialeah Park*



I don't know of any horse who ever broke down solely because of the weight he carried, although it has been used as an excuse for horses with other troubles. Some jumpers carry 160-170 pounds and absorb tremendous impact on their front legs when they land, and yet it doesn't bother them.

CHRIS SCHENDEL

CBS sportscaster



Up to 140 pounds. It's the track conditions rather than weights that are responsible for many injuries. Euthanasia and Discontinuation and Discontinuation carried highweights without injury. More recently, Tom Fool won, weighted at 138. I know how conscientious racing secretaries are about rating horses fairly.

MINI HINGO (PRINCESS SILVER FOOT)

Narragansett Indian



It all depends on the horse. Some big horses can carry more weight than others without any danger of breaking them down. The ideal weight for a strong horse like Native Dancer is my weight, 130 pounds. Without a saddle and harness, of course, just like I ride—bareback.

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fox hunting
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COMING EVENTS Jan. 25 through Feb. 3

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22

Boxing

(Leading college games)

Regina vs. York, St. John's, N.S., 7 p.m.
 Northumbria vs. Bolton, Haverhill, N.H.
 Stanford vs. California, Stanford, Calif.
 Utah vs. Oklahoma City, Salt Lake City
 Washington vs. Oregon St., Seattle
 Washington State vs. Oregon, Pullman, Wash.

(Professional)

St. Louis vs. Rochester; Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston.

Racing

● **Colin Michie vs. Joey Meola, heavyweights (20 lbs. vs.), Miami Beach, 10 p.m. (NBC).**

Out

Lake Worth Women's Open, \$5,000, Lake Worth, Fla. (through Jan. 27).
 PGA Senior Championship, Denville, Fla. (through Jan. 27).

Track & Field

Philadelphia Inquirer Meet, Philadelphia (Luzio Saburi entered in one-mile event).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23

Boxing

(Leading college games)

Auburn vs. Georgia, Auburn, Ala.
 Baylor vs. TCU, Waco, Texas
 Colgate vs. Connecticut, Hamilton, N.Y.
 Furman vs. West Virginia, Charlotte, N.C.
 Illinois vs. Notre Dame, Chicago
 Kansas State vs. Arkansas, Manhattan, Kans.
 Louisville vs. Baylor, Louisville
 Minnesota vs. Michigan St., Minneapolis
 ● Ohio St. vs. Northwestern, Columbus, Ohio (Midwest regional TV).

(Professional)

Pennsylvania vs. La Salle, Philadelphia.
 St. Louis vs. Tulsa, St. Louis
 San Francisco vs. California; Santa Clara vs. Stanford, San Francisco
 Tulsa Hall vs. Villanova, South Orange, N.J.
 Tennessee vs. Georgia Tech, Knoxville, Tenn.
 Vanderbilt vs. Kentucky, Nashville
 Washington vs. Oregon St., Seattle
 Washington State vs. Oregon, Pullman, Wash.

(Professional)

● Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind., 7:30 p.m. (NBC).
 New York vs. Minneapolis, 6th Reg. Army, New York
 Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester.

Racing

● **Steven vs. New York, Boston, 7 p.m. (CBS).**
 Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal
 Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Race Horses

● **Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind., 7:30 p.m. (NBC).**
 New York vs. Minneapolis, 6th Reg. Army, New York
 Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester.

Track & Field

● **Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind., 7:30 p.m. (NBC).**
 New York vs. Minneapolis, 6th Reg. Army, New York
 Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester.

Ice Skating

National Speed Skating Championships (outdoor), St. Paul, Minn. (through Jan. 27).

Track & Field

Washington Evening Star Meet, Washington, D.C.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27

Boxing

(Professional)

Fort Wayne vs. New York, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia
 St. Louis vs. Rochester, St. Louis
 Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Syracuse, N.Y.

Racing

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston
 Chicago vs. New York, Chicago
 Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28

Boxing

(Leading college games)

Georgia Tech vs. Kentucky, Atlanta
 Michigan St. vs. Ohio St., East Lansing, Mich.
 Oklahoma vs. Iowa St., Norman, Okla.
 (Professional)
 Syracuse vs. Minneapolis; Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.

Race Horses

● **Tony Danz vs. Chris Chastensen, welterweights (15 lbs. vs.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (On HBO-TV; Mutual radio).**
 Gene Palmer vs. Wilf Graves, middleweights (15 lbs. vs.), Salt Lake City.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29

Boxing

(Leading college games)

Arkansas vs. TCU, Fayetteville, Ark.
 New Mexico vs. Oklahoma City, Albuquerque
 Notre Dame vs. Indiana, South Bend, Ind.
 Oklahoma A&M vs. St. Louis, Stillwater, Okla.
 Virginia vs. N.C. State, Portsmouth, Va.
 Wake Forest vs. Duke, Winston-Salem, N.C.
 Washington vs. Oregon, Seattle
 (Professional)
 Minneapolis vs. Boston; New York vs. Philadelphia, Madison Sq. Garden, New York
 St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, St. Louis

Race Horses

4th Annual Sports, Vacation & Boat Show, Fort Wayne, Ind. (through Feb. 3).

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30

Boxing

(Professional)

Rochester vs. New York; Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston.

Racing

● **Sanny Lane vs. Frankie Byl, lightweights (10 lbs. vs.), Norfolk, Va., 10 p.m. (ABC).**

Track & Field

New York vs. Chicago, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Race Horses

Santa Anita Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (girls & mares), 1 1/16 m., Santa Anita, Calif.
 For Bahamas, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 7 f., Hialeah, Fla.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31

Boxing

(Leading college games)

Duke vs. Maryland, Durham, N.C.
 Miami vs. Louisville, Coral Gables
 Oklahoma City vs. Wichita, Oklahoma City
 Wake Forest vs. Virginia, Winston-Salem, N.C.
 (Professional)
 Minneapolis vs. Fort Wayne, Minneapolis
 Philadelphia vs. New York; Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse

Race Horses

Fort Lauderdale Boat & Sports Show, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (through Feb. 3).

Out

Phoenix Open Invitational, \$15,000, Phoenix, Ariz. (through Feb. 3).

Track & Field

Montreal vs. Chicago, Boston

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal

Race Horses

Miami's 17th Annual Charity Horse Show, Miami (through Feb. 3).

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Boxing

(Leading college games)

UCLA vs. Oregon St., Los Angeles
 Wake Forest vs. Clemson, Winston-Salem, N.C.
 (Professional)
 Rochester vs. Fort Wayne, Cincinnati.

Racing

● **Isaac Lopez vs. Rene Bahama, middleweights (15 lbs. vs.), Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC).**

Out

Havana Women's Open, \$3,000, Havana, Cuba (through Feb. 3).

Race Horses

Canadian Singles and Doubles Championship, Montreal.

Track & Field

Minneapolis Intercollegiate Meet, 13th Reg. Army, New York.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2

Boxing

(Professional)

● **Minneapolis vs. St. Louis, Minneapolis, 7:30 p.m. (NBC).**
 New York vs. Boston, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y.
 Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia
 Rochester vs. Fort Wayne, Rochester.

Racing

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.

● **New York vs. Detroit, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y., 2 p.m. (CBS).**

Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Race Horses

● **Seapointer Turf Handicap, \$15,000, 3-yr.-olds 8 a.m. 1 1/16 m. (turf course), Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).**
 California Breeders' Championship, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds (turf, hnd), 1 1/16 m., Santa Anita, Calif.
 San Marcos Handicap, \$25,000, 4-yr.-olds 8 a.m. 1 1/4 m. (turf course), Santa Anita, Calif.

Ice Skating

North American Speed Skating Championships (outdoor), Detroit (through Feb. 3).

Track & Field

Eastern Intercollegiate Meet, Eastern College Championships, Lakewood, N.J. (through Feb. 3).

Track & Field

Boston AA Meet, Boston.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3

Race Horses

NASCAR International Safety & Performance trials, Daytona Beach, Fla. (through Feb. 3).

Out

* See local listing.

HUNGARIAN OLYMPIANS' ATHLETIC TOUR

Friday, January 31

Hungarian Olympic swimmers vs. New York Athletic Club; Hungarian Olympic water poloists vs. New York Athletic Club, New York.

Saturday, January 30

Hungarian Olympic fencers in competition; Hungarian Olympic gymnasts in exhibition, Princeton, N.J.

Sunday, January 27

Hungarian Olympic fencers vs. Cleveland Fencing Club; Hungarian Olympic gymnasts in exhibition, Cleveland (through Jan. 28).

Monday, January 28

Hungarian Olympic swimmers in competition; Hungarian Olympic water poloists in competition, Princeton, N.J.

Wednesday, January 30

Hungarian Olympic fencers vs. Ohio State Fencers Club; Hungarian Olympic gymnasts in exhibition, Columbus, Ohio (through Jan. 31).

Friday, February 1

Hungarian Olympic swimmers in competition; Hungarian Olympic water poloists in competition, Washington, D.C.

Sunday, February 2

Hungarian Olympic fencers vs. Notre Dame fencing team; Hungarian Olympic gymnasts in exhibition, South Bend, Ind.

MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM PAYS OFF

Basketball coaches are generally hardheaded men who believe neither in mirages nor miracles, but this one pinned his hopes on a vision—and won

By JEREMIAH TAX

THE MESSAGES of the remarkably happy faces on the opposite page are the beneficiaries of a dream. They are part of the Iowa State basketball team, and their picture was taken at the very moment of the final buzzer when they realized their team had accomplished a highly improbable feat. They had beaten the University of Kansas, which was presumed by all the experts to have insurance against defeat during the 1956-57 season in the 7-foot frame of Wilt (The Slick) Chamberlain, the new economy-size wonder boy of basketball.

The dream that was the cause of it all came during the understandably fitful sleep of the Iowa State team's assistant coach just two nights before the Kansas game was to be played on their home court at Ames. Assistant Coach Bob Lamson knew a good dream when he had one, and so did head Coach Bill Strannigan, to whom he took it the day before the big game. Coach Strannigan rehearsed it with the team for 30 minutes and decided to buy it. Well, the next night it worked like a dream.

For a year, even before he graduated from the freshman ranks, basketball coaches have been trying to devise ways and means of stopping the giant Chamberlain, who threatened to tear through the nation's basketball defenses like a Kansas cyclone. Accordingly, when Lamson eased his head onto the pillow on this fateful January night, he might have been filled with the determination to dream up a way to stop a cyclone. And he dreamed a working strategy which he was able to put down on paper (see diagram), as well as the game in its entirety, right up to its victorious end.

He saw State's big center, Don Med-

sker, playing in front of Chamberlain, where he would grab at passes aimed for the big fellow; and the forwards (Crawford and Vogt, who play the backcourt in the zone defense) applying a pinch on Chamberlain. The one on the far side from the ball would move in behind Wilt and block off the boards. The guards, Thompson and Frahen, and the loose forward were free to go after the outside shooters. This, of course, was permitting Kansas some leeway on shots from the corners, but since there was no backboard to serve as a target and as a deflecting bank,

dream defense, would not do. If his boys took their normal number of shots, depending on a fair percentage hitting, State would lose the ball almost every time they missed because Chamberlain is such a superb rebounder. So State played the percentages when they yielded space for corner shots, but not when they had the ball. They shot only 48 times, hitting with 13. In between, they kept the ball moving, manuevering relentlessly until they shook a man loose enough so that he had a reasonably good try at a score.

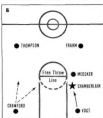
The game ended in an explosion of excitement when Don Medsker sank a jump shot from 15 feet out as the buzzer sounded. No one was more excited than State cheerleader Nancy Dickenson. She had become engaged to Medsker that same day. The score was Iowa State 39; Kansas 37.

As the bedlam in the Ames Field House quieted to a roar, it was revealed that Bob Lamson is a perfectionist among dreamers. "In my dream," he said with slight disappointment, "I was Gary Thompson (Iowa State's top scorer) who scored the winning basket in the last second." Disappointed on more substantial grounds, Kansas Coach Dick Harp said, grudgingly: "We play State again February 2. Remember the date, February 2."

On that date, incidentally, another nationally ranked team—SMU—will also have its first opportunity to start winning again after an upset. Last week the Mustangs lost (77-48) their first conference game in two seasons (they were 12-0 last year) to a Texas team which kept two men on Big Jim Krebs all night.

Tulane and Stanford completed the week's surprises. The Green Wave took over first place in the Southeastern

LAMSON'S DREAM ON PAPER



many of these shots were going wild.

And that's just about the way the game played out in realistic wackalness. Chamberlain did not score a field goal in the first half. All told, he got only five and seven free throws.

Coach Strannigan, no dreamer, was well aware that an ordinary offense, coupled with his assistant coach's



IN THE FINAL BATTLE AGAINST CHAMBERLAIN'S WATERLOO, JOHN STAFFORD (SECOND FROM RIGHT) HELD CHAMBERLAIN BUSTLE INTO THE FLOOR

ries by soundly beating the Kentucky powerhouses 68-48, and the Indians removed Washington from the Pacific Coast's undefeated list 79-63.

There were also areas of consistency. Ohio State beat Minnesota 85-73 and Michigan State 79-51 to lead the Big Ten with a 4-0 record. In a game much closer than the score indicates (it was

53-50 with seven minutes remaining) North Carolina defeated N.C. State 83-57 and stayed at the top of the Atlantic Coast Conference. In its overall record (15-0) Carolina is now the only major unbeaten team in the country and becomes the favorite entry in the NCAA championships at Kansas City next March.

Among the independents, Louisville won their sixth straight 104-67 against Eastern Kentucky, making it even more regrettable that the Cardinals are ineligible for postseason tournaments. St. John's returned to form with a 63-68 squeaker over St. Francis, and Loyola of Chicago kept the Midwest lead with a 19-3 record. (AP)

A LONG SLEEP FOR

Last of the independent weekly fight promoters, Sad Sam Silverman has been getting knockout drops in his war

UNTIL the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) developed an appetite for Boston-baked fights, Sad Sam Silverman, the successful promoter, was a highly successful man. He used to operate 18 weekly fight clubs in New England and promote as many as 200 boxing shows in a year, as many as three shows in different cities on the same night. He claims to be the only independent American fight promoter to stage a championship bout since the early days of the IBC. That was the DeMarco-Boston fight. Thirty-one of Rocky Marciano's 49 fights were promoted by Sad Sam, he recalls.

The other night Sam Silverman was reduced to just one fight club, the Valley Arena in Holyoke, Massachusetts, which seats some 1,900 persons—a club so small that no seat is more than 60 feet from the ring. Every seat was taken, to see Kwart Potgieter, the South African giant, in his losing American debut with Jeff Dyer, and standing room was almost filled. A couple of nights later the IBC presented Miguel Berrios against Gil Cadillac at Mechanics Building, Boston, which seats 4,800. The IBC had 362 customers. Sam's fight was not televised. The IBC fight was televised.

"This is the only respectable weekly fight club in America," says Sam. "It's the only one that's not on TV."

It is Sad Sam's opinion, stated with a sigh, that presentation of the Berrios-Cadillac fight in Boston, where neither fighter is an attraction, was only the most recent step in an IBC campaign to put him out of business. He is a portly, mildly-tanned, blue-eyed man, somewhere in his 40s, and gives the impression that nobody knows the trouble he's in. His speech is a soft man with a broad A. He smiles quite often, when in pleasant company, and even has been seen to laugh in a restrained sort of way. But he has done little laughing recently. He regards himself as engaged in a death struggle with the IBC, and he knows what such struggles have meant to other promoters. Still, he expects to survive.

"I'm the last independent weekly

fight promoter left in America," Sam says. "They've killed them all off but me. They'll never kill me off, though. I know how to promote fights. Norris doesn't. Nobody in the IBC does. Look at that Truman Gibson, a lawyer. All of a sudden he's the biggest matchmaker in the country. What does a lawyer know about matchmaking?"

But even now Sad Sam has a kind of offbeat optimism about boxing.

"The future of boxing? The future can't be any worse than what we have now. The future depends on what that judge decides."

"That judge" is Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan, who last spring heard the government's antitrust suit against the IBC. His decision may be handed down in a few weeks, and it can't come any too soon for Sam. If the government wins, the IBC may be ordered to close, and ex-promoters around the country will take heart. Some will even return to boxing. But the IBC has been acting in Boston as if it expected no setback whatever. If Sad Sam is finally removed from Boston boxing then

the IBC will dominate that city and most of the many others where it is a monopolist.

"They threatened I'd never promote another championship fight," Sam says. "They want to get rid of me. But Norris and Carlini together can't."

Mike Jacobs wanted guys like me around, independent promoters, because we'd build up fighters for him—the way I built up Rocky Marciano. The small clubs are the incubators of boxing. The IBC doesn't want competition and it isn't developing any boxes. They're depending partly on fighters Mike Jacobs left them—like Sugar Ray Robinson. The IBC developed boxes like Chuck Dacey."

One of Sam's basic beliefs is that no fight should be televised in the area where it is staged. He traces his first trouble with the IBC, therefore, to the Tony DeMarco-Chico Vejar fight he copromoted with the IBC in September 1955.

"The IBC promised me a local blackout of TV to help the game," he says. "Then they backed down and didn't



DYNAMITE BOMB exploded in the basement of Sad Sam's home a couple of years ago while the family was out. Previously, a rifle bullet had just missed Mrs. Silverman.

SAD SAMUEL

with the IBC but fights groggily on

by MARTIN KANE

zest to it. They said the sponsor wouldn't allow it."

Thereafter Sam and the IBC were at odds, but he promoted several big-money fights, until the defection of Tony DeMarco to the IBC. Silverman had lifted the fighter out of the preliminary class into his briefly held welterweight championship. Tony is now in the IBC stable and, fighting for Noe's, has lost twice to Gaspar Ortega. Silverman would willingly promote a DeMarco fight even now but, rubbing salt in his wounds, the IBC announced that a third Ortega-DeMarco fight would take place in Boston, February 9—televised, of course, and copromoted by the Sharkey A.A.

"I made DeMarco \$172,000 in 1955," says Sam. "I got him the title. In the five years before I took him on he never got over \$100 except in two fights. Rip Valenti was his manager then, for four of those five years."

Rip Valenti was also Sad Sam's promotion partner. The partnership was close, as was Rip's ownership of DeMarco, for reasons which may be traced to Valenti's long friendship with Frankie Carbo, boxing's No. 1 underworld figure, and with Phil Buccola, reputed head of the Boston Mafia who skipped these shores for Sicily when the Kefauver and Massachusetts Crime Commission investigations got hot.

"Rip was forced on me," Silverman explains, "because a promoter can't get by without publicity." As he tells it, the late Jack Conway, sports editor of the Boston *American*, strongly urged the association on him. Conway was a former associate of Johnny Buckley Sr. in the management of Jack Sharkey, and Buckley now operates the Sharkey A.A. as a local arm of IBC.

"Getting rid of DeMarco was worth it if it got me rid of Valenti, too," Sam philosophizes now. Their relationship was always bitter, but Sam was able to bear this because, as he observes, bitter relationships are a commonplace in boxing. His house was dynamited a couple of years ago, fortunately while he and his wife and daughter were at a nightclub celebrating a school promotion. Sam insists he

has no notion of who did the bombing.

"Who the hell knows who did it?" he asks. "In this business you're always in a jam with somebody." This seems to be true. A few years before the bombing, his wife Helen was lucky enough to be called to the telephone just before a bullet crashed through a pantry window in front of which she had been working. Sam himself has had brass knuckles applied to him.

All this would make any man cynical about modern boxing. But boxing as it used to be is something else—perhaps the only subject Sam Silverman ever gets sentimental about. He speaks with nostalgia of the days when, promoting so many fights, he traveled the highways of New England, a suitcase full of money in his car trunk and a head full of ideas for matches.

"If you were promoting an outdoor fight," he says, "you'd sleep with one hand stuck out the window. You were always wondering if it would rain."

He even looks longingly back at the Depression.

"The Depression was better," he vows. "There was a lot of talent and no IBC."

Nowadays he regards all aspects of boxing with suspicion, to such an extent that he even wonders about Joyce Brothers of *The Woman Question*. "I'm a student of boxing history—Mendota and all those old-time fighters—and I couldn't answer some of those questions," he says darkly.

Even so, this creeping cynicism has not destroyed his basic self-confidence—the kind that carries a man through brawlings and brass-knucklings and leads him to tackle an octopus with a penknife. Sad Sam believes that to come back as a big figure in Boston boxing he needs only to develop an exciting fighter. That is why, still undefeated, he plans to open a Revere, Massachusetts club soon to show off fresh young talent. At the moment he has a hopeful eye on one Billy Ryan, a 170-pounder just out of the Marines.

Sam is not licked.

"The IBC is running the only crap game in town right now," he says. "I'll get going again soon." **END**



BROODING FACE of Sad Sam Silverman, the promoter of long lightweights IBC.



FORMER PARTNER of Sad Sam, his father-in-law, promoter of Tony DeMarco.



IBC FAVORITE Johnny Buckley Sr. was copromoting rival of Sad Sam in Boston.



FORMER CHAMPION Tony DeMarco, making money with Sam, now with IBC.

BOSTON NIGHTMARE: EXIT

National League hockey lives a frenzied week as the Bruins' great goalie is elected a midseason All-Star one day and is dropped by his team on the next

THE BOSTON BRUINS, surprise team of the National Hockey League (see story page 50), got a shock themselves last week. Terrance Gordon Sawchuk, their remarkable but moody goalie who had acquired the team to an early-season lead in the NHL, decided abruptly that he was through with hockey. With a hare and hound act that would do justice to the crackiest class B movie, Sawchuk disappeared from sight, popped up once to say, "I quit," promptly disappeared again, and in Boston was last seen boarding a train for Detroit and home. He announced, "I am through with hockey."

Team members, officials and the ubiquitous Boston press couldn't have been caught more off their guard. Only

a few hours before the curious procession of events began, Sawchuk had been selected as goalie on the midseason All-Star team. This was in recognition of his brilliant play in the early part of the season, during which he compiled a 2.15 "goals against" record, second lowest in the league. It also seemed tacit proof that Sawchuk had recovered from infectious mononucleosis, a debilitating disease of the blood (known also as glandular fever) for which the best cure is rest and penicillin. Sawchuk contracted the disease in December, and many thought he wouldn't return to the lineup for the rest of the year. But in an incredibly short two weeks the persevering Sawchuk was again in front of the

nets, apparently better off for the rest.

Boston newspapermen had no many theories for Sawchuk's seemingly strange behavior as there were newspapers in town: Sawchuk tried to come back too soon after mononucleosis; he was suffering from the occupational disease, "puck shock," a colorful way of saying his nerves were shot; he was having family trouble, or, conversely, he was homesick; he couldn't get along with Coach Schmidt. For their efforts at analysis, Sawchuk had scant reward. "I've got news for you," he told the reporters. "When I get home I'm going to sue four Boston newspapers for what they said about me."

In a Detroit restaurant at week's end, harassed and as interview-shy as

AT THE TOP OF HIS GAME, TERRY SAWCHUK—CONSIDERED THE FASTEST-MOVING GOALIE TODAY—SHARPS HIGH-FLYING PUCK SHORT OF NET



SAWCHUK

by ANDREW CRICHTON

Greta Garbo, Sawchuk paused from the chase long enough to tell reporters. "You fellows ought to know that the Boston club treated me good, maybe too good. I never caught hell once from them in two years, and I deserved it a few times."

The conversation turned to Sawchuk's weight. When he came up with Detroit six years earlier he weighed 215 pounds and played at 205. But in his third season he reported in at 176, a drop of 43 pounds. His mother now claims that Sawchuk dieted that year, and that he has never been the same since. Detroit doctors could find nothing organically wrong with him, but it is true that in four years he hasn't raised his weight back. Sawchuk denied that his health had anything to do with his leaving Boston. He declined, though, "I'm about 184 now, maybe more," having started the season at "about 178-180." Then he said: "It was getting this season as I couldn't eat and couldn't sleep. I was awful tired but I'd be there all night and smoke and couldn't go to sleep. Then I'd get up but I wouldn't have any appetite. I thought I was getting lucky because I wanted to be down all the time. I thought maybe I'd become too much of a nut, but we were winning and in first place and I kept getting by even though I could hardly wait for each game to end because my legs were so tired. Then I got knocked out against Montreal and the game was delayed while I went off for a nut. The doctor came to examine me and I told him my neck was so stiff I could hardly turn it. He felt around and said my glands were swollen. He said I should go to the hospital but you know how I like hospitals after all those other times. . . ."

"Then two days later I couldn't get out of bed, so I finally went. They kept me two weeks and then the team doctor said I was 160"; O.K."

Lynn Patrick, Boston's general manager, predicted last weekend that Sawchuk would be back in a month, as soon as he has regained some of his



LOW MAN IN A CAFETERIA, glum Sawchuk parties questions with reporters after arriving in Detroit. Decision to quit for good, he says, was "thought out in advance."

confidence and optimism, and he seen as "everybody gets off Sawchuk's back." Boston, by intimation, would remind its hiding man imposed on Sawchuk January 14.

A cloud of uncertainty continues to hover heavily over the hockey future of Terry Sawchuk, but the past presents no such problem. Sawchuk is undoubtedly the best goalie of his days, and there are names, including Frank Brucher, the former general manager of the New York Rangers, who have called him the greatest in history. In Sawchuk's amazing record there is ample evidence to tear them out.

In his first five full years in the league, all with the Detroit Red Wings, Sawchuk three times set the league in the most number of goals allowed per game and missed tying for the lead by narrow margins the other two seasons. He made the league All-Star team three of the years, was on the second team twice. The Red Wings won the league championship every year Sawchuk was with the team, three times won the Stanley Cup playoffs, and in the 1952 playoffs, Sawchuk's greatest, allowed only five goals in eight games.

In a sport justly celebrated for the extreme-quick reflexes of its players, a hard-core puck has been clocked at 120 miles per hour. Terry Sawchuk unquestionably is the fastest-moving of all goalies. A 27-year-old native of Winnipeg, with black hair and pale, smooth skin except where it has been scraped, cut and stitched, he doesn't move so much as he explodes into a kind of desperate epileptic action: down the glove, out the arm, over the stick, up the glove—all in such rapid succession that it is difficult to watch him. The action is punctuated by oc-

casional cries: "Get out of the way!" "Take it!" "Behind you!" When the action moves away he continues to concentrate on the puck with such fierce determination that he estimates he probably sees no more than 30% of the overall play. He takes what is called a "submarine" stance, bent over in front of the net so that he can sight the puck better through the legs of the players.

Ironically, Sawchuk is something less than a whole man. A baseball accident when he was 12 left his right arm 1 1/2 inches shorter than the left and the other point is so stiff Sawchuk cannot touch his right shoulder with his right hand. Of the myriad stitches in Sawchuk's body, three are in his right eyeball.

Son of a Ukrainian tinmith who emigrated to Canada, Sawchuk began skating when he was 1. At 14 he was playing professionally with the Mill (Ontario) Red Wings. In the off-season he lives with his wife, Pat, and their two children, Gerry and Jo-Anne, in Union Lake, a suburb of Detroit. He used to love to hunt and fish but he has spent most of his recent summers in hospitals recovering from the persistent asthma and getting ready for the next season games he has always tried to be down and rest, but without much success. He tends to be tense and thinks about bawling, zigzagging, park-hounding fox around his caps, shooting slap shots, snap shots and power shots. A goalie's life, he said not long before his present travails, is a battle between himself and his nerves. After seven years in the National Hockey League, the strain had plainly begun to tell, even on the remarkable Terry Sawchuk. ■■■

SCHOOLBOY HOCKEY BOOM

Despite high costs, hockey's popularity with teen-age athletes is growing fast, and the best team, as it nearly always does, again comes from St. Paul's School

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD NEEK

HOCKEY is a game which U.S. boys want to play. For those who play football in the fall it becomes a natural body-contact sport in the winter. When it made that comment not long ago, Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, was hardly foreseeing that rosters of professional teams like the tough and polished Boston Bruins (pages 39 through 41) would soon be staffed by former American schoolboys. But he was reacting to the spectacular



Of the 450 St. Paul's students, some 350 play informal hockey on six rinks

recent growth of hockey as a sport for boys in many parts of the country. For instance, 95 of 600 registered hockey teams in Minnesota are school teams. In Boston the Metropolitan District Commission plans to build three more rinks.

Nonetheless, most schoolboy and teen-age hockey in this country has been seriously handicapped because 1) basketball is so much easier and cheaper to organize; 2) inconsistent winter weather in most areas makes dependence on natural ice precarious, which in turn 3) forces any budding hockey program to depend almost wholly on the availability of artificial ice. And artificial ice doesn't come cheap. An open rink costs in the neighborhood of \$100,000 to build and another \$2,000 or so for annual maintenance. As a result most schoolboys get their hockey through municipal recreation departments or in leagues sponsored by commercial and fraternal organizations, and games are held on any available public ice.

Of all U.S. schools lucky enough to afford artificial rinks, none boasts the deep-rooted hockey tradition that is to be found on the beautiful 1,500-acre campus of St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H., where the photographs on the opposite and following pages were taken during last season's popular Midwinter Weekend. Although the first official hockey game involving St. Paul's students was played in 1896 (the artificial rink wasn't opened until 1954), the sport was introduced at the school—and quite possibly even

for the first time in this country—as far back as 1870, when masters and boys indulged in shinty games on Lower School Pond. By 1884 the school's own rules dictated that the hitherto recent wood-on-park-in fashion in those days would be halted around by two teams of 11 boys to a side. Two Canadian students helped refine those rules in 1899; the first game was played six years later, and the SPB boys have been hard at it ever since. Today St. Paul's, with 450 of its 459 students

playing hockey on 23 teams on six rinks, is recognized as not only the most hockey-minded American prep school but also the team with the best year-in-year-out record. In two of the three years it has entered, St. Paul's has captured the Lawrenceville Invitational Tournament. Over the years SPB has won 168 games while losing 92 and tying seven. Most of the losses, moreover, were to Ivy League college freshmen squads, whose stars, more often than not, were themselves former St. Paul's skaters.

Although St. Paul's has, from the beginning, led the prep school hockey movement in New England, the campus at Concord is by no means the sole eastern incubator for future college hockey players. Among other schools with artificial ice are Lawrenceville, Choate, Taft, Hill School, Andover, Exeter, Deerfield, St. George's, St. Mark's and Weston. Many others, in planning ahead, have listed hockey as a future must. Some schools are experimenting with a relatively inexpensive portable rink. Other schools with tight athletic budgets are also looking to developments which could lead to cheaper hockey programs. For the economics of the game alone prevent its popularity from being even greater.

—WHENEY TOWNE

With the chapel as a majestic backdrop, the St. Paul's varsity (right group) celebrate a goal in 3-0 victory over Yale's freshman team





The Isthmian Club bench during an intramural game at St. Paul's is a wonderful study in preoccupation with



a few subjects that have nothing to do with hockey, such as girl watching and petting a stray faculty dog



Midwinter weekend at St. Paul's winds up with upperclassmen and pretty ladies at a colorful formal dance

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

TOOTH FOR A TOOTH • MICKEY AND MINNIE AND MONEY • SOME
CHESTNUTS FROM THE BANQUET TABLES • JOE'S TAXES: A SLOW
PACE ON A FAST TREADMILL • BILLIARDS AND B-SQS • TABORI

CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE

SURROUNDED as he is by comfort and plenty, Mid-century Man may sometimes wonder whether, if called on, he could show the grit and ingenuity of his forebears. From the winter remoteness of British Columbia last week came a story which indicates that the human spirit is as strong as ever and can still, when challenged, prevail.

Frank Wharton, a watchmaker and gunsmith of Little Fort, B.C., shot a buck but found he could not eat it because he had no upper plate. He trekked 20 miles into Kamloops to get one but balked at the dentist's price. Facing home, he yanked a handful of teeth from the deer, fashioned himself a working set of uppers and triumphantly dined on venison. Achievement enough, perhaps, but, in addition, Frank Wharton is now known as the only man in British Columbia with real buck teeth.

HOLDOUT SEASON

BASEBALL CONTRACTS were in the mail last week, both going and coming, signed and unsigned. The holdout stories were familiar, might even have been last year's cartoons with names and figures changed. Among the more famous holdouts, 1957 edition, was Mickey Charles Mantle.

As usual, newsmen had to guess as to what Mantle was offered and what he requested. The average guess was \$48,000 offered, \$68,000 requested.

Since players acquired business managers and college educations, contract signing has been strictly business. The procedure is as standard as a page out of a School of Business textbook.

Mantle and the Yankees followed the rules accordingly.

The Yankees mailed the contract and a personal five-paragraph note which, among other things, offered Mantle \$60,000.

Mantle didn't think much of the offer, returned the contract unsigned. The Yankees then invited him to "drop in" for a chat.

Mantle indeed "dropped in," found the front office unmanned except for the personnel manager, Lee MacPhail, finally caught up with General Manager George Weiss at a Chicago sports dinner Sunday night.

Mr. Mantle will, of course, come to terms with the Yankees in due time and newsmen will be invited to record the event for posterity. Photographers

will take pictures of Mantle wearing a Yankee cap and maybe swinging a bat in the presence of Mr. Weiss. Mr. Weiss will predict another pennant for the Yankees, Mickey will say he hopes to do better in 1957.

The same thing, roughly, will also happen next year. Mickey, of course, is worth a good-sized mint. He is a non-pareil box-office attraction, probably the biggest since Babe Ruth. If it takes \$60,000 to make Mickey happy, well the Yankees will just have to pay it. By all means Mr. Mantle must be kept happy. The game (and the Yankees) need a happy Mickey.

Amid the usual stereotyped stories of holdouts, there comes a refreshing one with a slightly different twist.

Continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• End of a Tradition

Despite the moans of traditionalists who too pride in the Belmont Stakes as the U.S. equivalent of the English Derby (a testing 1 1/2 miles for outstanding 3-year-old colts and fillies), Belmont's responsible men will allow geldings to run in 1957. Reason: the new rule should make blanket nominations for the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont easier and more common.

• Return to a Tradition

Frank Lane of the St. Louis Cardinals last year abolished the traditional but and perching redheads on Cardinal jerseys—as the ground that the old symbols made a uniform into a "costume." Lane is reversing himself in 1957. Fans buttonholing Frankie on the winter banquet circuit have persuaded him there are some insignia too sacred to temper with.

• Italy Tries Again

This year's Italian invasion of the Indianapolis "500" will be led by a hot new Maserati, to be driven by Stirling Moss. Maserati is anxious to prove it can succeed over the Brickyard circuit where Ferrari failed last year.

• Ready, Peking?

Red China, making progress in its campaign for physical fitness and sports achievement, has apparently outdistanced Russia in tennis readiness. The Chinese have asked International Davis Cup authorities to accept a Chinese team in this year's competition; the Russians are still just talking about it.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

(continued from page 13)

Like Mantle, Osteen, Minnie, Minnie was unhappy with the contract sent him, offering him \$12,500. Returning the contract, Minnie wrote from his native Calumet:

"Dear Mr. Coriskey - Dear Chuck, I am sending this contract you sent to me because I guess you are wrong about it. It looks like a contract which has belonged to me of '53 or '54, not for Minnesota after the 1959 year which I have. I can't think that this contract belong to me, it belong to another player on the club. This salary expired and was paid for me for last season. Contract for me should have more money than one sent by mistake for last season. Please send me correct contract. Write me at Osteen, Minnie."

Mr. Coriskey thinks it might be a case of mistaken identity, indeed. He sent the last contract to plant Osteen, Minnie, is sending this one to Saturnino Osteen Arrieta Arrieta Minnie, Minnie's official name.

But while the label will be different, Mr. Coriskey indicated the contents would be about the same.

YOU SHOULD KNOW . . .

ILLUSTRATED SPORTS ILLUSTRATED staff members have attended a number of banquets in honor of this hero and that, most of them football stars. This is a type of entertainment indigenous to the season and productive of a few methods of sportsmen. The sportsman has been duly reported, here and elsewhere in the magazine, but, as a sort of byproduct, the staff members have brought home with them a large, frequently edible, football football stories. It is only fair to warn you that if you attend one of these affairs you will very probably hear one or more of these stories. One story that is somewhat disconcerting, here and there, which appears with the lowest at banquet every year.

A coach, calling desperate instructions to his team from the sidelines, was penalized five yards. As the official mumbled the penalty, the coach, himself, said, "You don't even know the right penalty for coaching from the sidelines. It's 15 yards!" The official played the ball correctly, hopped up himself, "Not by the way, you coach."

Just to show that we are not always as lenient, there is the story of the event who was "coaching" with anger when he saw an opponent sitting pay-

menting for an official. As the official passed off the five yards, the coach himself, "You stink!" The official finished the five yards and kept going for 15 more. He put the ball down, turned to the coach and called, "Thank you I am from now!"

Player? They are always exceptionally dumb or exceptionally witty in these stories. Joe Bonomo, the coach, was a dumb type. His coach looked around for a long time trying to find a job he could do to earn his keep and finally, in desperation, gave Bonomo a job sorting potatoes. "Put the little ones in the basket, the big ones in that," he told Bonomo and left him with a large stack of potatoes. Hours later he returned to find Bonomo sitting happily before the potatoes, with a very small potato in one basket and a very large one in the other. In his hand was a medium-size potato. "Coach," he said sadly, "I'm gonna hafta quit. This job is too tough. These decisions are killing me."

A good story for boxing coaches has been the one about the team which was being lectured after a poor game. "We're going right back to fundamentals," said the coach. "The game is played on a field 100 yards long." He held up a football. "This is what you play with. It is a football. You start by—" From the back row came a desperate cry. "Wait a minute, Coach. You're going too fast!"

The insecurity of the coaching profession leads a very note to some of the stories. Red Sanders, who has known good years and some not so good, mumbled the note perfectly after a good season at UCLA. The UCLA students gathered outside his house after the last game of the season and yelled until Red and his wife came out on the porch. Sanders suggested the snail, then, is an aside to his wife, he said, "I wonder which snail's got the rope?"

And, finally, there's the coach who was congratulated on having a lifetime contract. "I guess it is all right," he said. "But I remember another guy with a lifetime contract. Had a bad year, and the president said, 'You're dismissed from duty and fired you.'"

BOX 1574, CHICAGO

Just let it may or may not have been a time created moneyworth of all time, there is reason for argument. But the states as an event of it is unclear. longest since the world's worst, Joe was the Government \$1,000,000 in back taxes, a figure which is increased daily by \$278 million and a half

off by his own maximum income of \$62,19 a day—\$10,000 per year. But last week two Midwesterners, John Vetterling and George Reeves Jr., from North, Neb., figured that and Joe a debt for the equipment he had given them. Joe was a champion, so they formed a nonprofit organization to pay Joe's taxes and sent P.O. Box 1174, Chicago, as a mail-drop for any like-minded Americans willing to contribute to \$10,000 toward Joe's taxes.

They figure that will be enough small donations to add up to \$100,000, the amount for which the Government might settle Joe's account.

Small figures such as these cannot help but result to great sums of other cash accounts in Joe's life. The \$20,000, 952 he paid with his first and donated to the Navy Relief fund in 1942, the \$64,880 the Army Relief fund from him six two months later. Add it up and it comes to \$154,922, well over half the amount the Government now apparently wants from Joe.

There were other sums which Joe's late bank might be entered on the credit side of his Government account, such as the time in March 1942 when he bought \$1,000 worth of tickets out of his own pocket on that his buddies at Fort Dix could see him successfully defend his title against Al Simon.

The fact that Joe Louis never finished grade school is no excuse for his failure to pay his legal debts to the U.S. Government. Joe himself would be the last to look for such an excuse. Some claim he was a wastrel and a spendthrift, others swear he was a victim of circumstances. Neither claim seems important in view of this fact: Joe was a great fighter, but, like all fighters he needed help in his career. Never more than he needs it now.

DECLINE OF PATIENCE

A MAN WHO ENJOYS TO REMEMBER A Lombardi's fight from New York to Paris can also remember when the championship billiards match of Willie Hoppe ended eight years ago. The story, in fact, the same, was that six men from the team around the world, in 1927, were many hours more than coach Lou Briggs to cross the Atlantic. Willie Hoppe was in the lead throughout. But, this time the conditions were not so good, and they told a sadder story that was a kind of parable as well.

The occasion was the 15th anniversary of Willie Hoppe's first world-championship billiards match. It had

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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taken place in the Grand Hotel in Paris before a glittering audience of 2,000 persons. Although Willie, then 18, took the 18.2 halflime title from 63-year-old Maurice Vignat, 19th-century records, more than a half century later, Willie performed a steady-handed exhibition before about 100 spectators. The setting was no Grand Hotel. It was a stuffy, dingy room over a Chicago boarding alley.

"The sport of billiards is extinct," said Willie Hoppe. "There's nobody left. They're all dead and I'm almost 70. There are no youngsters."

Willie said he thought he knew the names why.

"It is a hard sport," he said, "and the average person nowadays hasn't the patience to master it. There are too many easier things to do."

Willie picked a good time to say these few little things—the week when impatient man there around his world in 45 hours.

THE STRANGER

LASLO TABORI came quietly, almost diffidently, into the big arena, clambering up the back of the steeply banked wooden track, pausing for a moment as if looking for something familiar in the crowded confusion before him. He carried his running shoes in his hand—new shoes, bright red with white stitching, the tiny indoor spikes set in a clean, yellow rubber sole. He had never run in them, and they seemed alien to his faded, well-worn sweat suit. He spoke to no one as he crossed them, and no one spoke to him. Then, stopping delicately across the track, he started his slow warmup in the crowded infield, a vague, shadowy figure, his eyes hooded, his gray, cadaverous face lighting up only occasionally in an apologetic smile.

Tabori, brilliant member of Hungary's distance team, four-minute mile and now a refugee from his native land, had eaten an early dinner—soups, fried fillet of sole, grated cabbage and ice cream, slept a little in his room in Boston's Hotel Manger and was ready now for the first indoor race of his career, his debut in this strange country, in which he had come so abruptly and unexpectedly to find a home. Whatever his thoughts were, he was treated carefully through the jostling crowds of athletes assembled for the Boston K of C Games, he kept them to himself. Few in the Garden

noticed him until the two-mile race was called. Then, as he peeled off his sweat shirt and revealed the green-white-red band of Free Hungary circling his chest, a ragged cheer went up from a small group of his countrymen in the stands. "Tabori! Tabori!" Tabori ended shyly, briefly, trotted once more up the track, testing the unfamiliar surface with his unfamiliar shoes. When the starter bawled the runners into line, he readied himself and stood motionless, waiting for the gun, only looking his life nervously as his eyes, hooded again, stared steadily ahead.

With the gun, he became a workman, settling to an accustomed task, and as the laps streamed by beneath his rhythmically stepping feet, his workmanlike perfection showed. And as he ran, the crowd embraced him, lap after lap, exchanging looks occasionally with Horace Ashenfelter, he ran his way into that alien land to which he had come so recently, a living legend from far away. And when little Freddy Dwyer, who hid his time so long and so well, broke from third place 300 yards from home and Tabori sprouted round the bend and after him, he had it made. Not the race, but his place in America.

Afterward, happy, bewildered by all the acclamation he was getting for a losing race, he stood in the center of a group of friendly, welcoming people grinning and raving by turns. Questions were fired at him. How did his feet feel? Tom Courtney wanted to know. Tabori laughed. "My feet burned. They burned so much I couldn't feel the wood underneath my shoes." "Two weeks!" cried Courtney, shaking two

outstretched fingers in his face. "Two weeks, and you'll really be in shape!" Tabori grinned.

How was the track? another asked. Tabori laughed again. "The curves are a little different," he said, "but the distance is the same." He turned to his coach, Mikaly Igloi, a red-faced wrinkled little man who stood beside him, and burst into a flood of fast Hungarian. The interpreter translated: "These curves, he says. He didn't understand the curves. All of a sudden he noticed people were passing him as the curves and he realized that he was being ground in every one of them." Tabori, listening, grinned and shook his head repeatedly.

What about the indoor world record of 8:57.5? Did he think he would break it this winter? "Dwyer," answered Laslo Tabori, "could have broken it tonight. This was the night he could have done it." He paused. "It was a good race," he went on. "It was a very good race. It was a very fair race." He looked at Igloi for a sign of confirmation, and the coach nodded vigorously.

Had he figured Dwyer as a threat? Tabori looked blank for a moment. Then: "Of course I knew both Dwyer and Ashenfelter might be quite formidable," he said. His voice was serious. "We know your runners quite well, you know." Then, suddenly, he laughed again. "I was perfectly astonished by this race," he said. "Before, I didn't think anyone, least of all me, would run it in under nine minutes. And look what happened! It was," he concluded, "a very good race."

Much later, in the dim light of an after-hours club, a reporter who had tagged along with Tabori, Igloi and a couple of friends on a tour of nighttime Boston brought up the subject of the race once more. Something had been bothering him. "Laslo," he said, "there was one time in that race, about halfway through it, when you nearly gave me heart failure. All of a sudden you sprouted past Ashenfelter as though you were really going home, and I thought to myself, my God, the poor guy has misunderstood the whole business and he thinks this is a one-lap race! What were you trying to do, anyway?"

The answer to this vital question is lost to history. Laslo Tabori, rising a glass of beer to his lips, wasn't listening at all. His eyes, bright and merry, were on the pretty girl who was just walking past, and he was singing loudly to the jukebox which was playing *Bea-Lee* by Martha Nelson.



BREAKING POINT

The night after asked:
Two pounds thirteen more.
Next night he came back
There's a hole in the floor.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT

THE MOST HAPPY WINNER

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. DEMBOWSKI

There probably never was a day when Freddy Oyer, Villanova '53 and America's almost (\$100.8) four-minute miler, felt as full of running as he did last Saturday in Boston's K of C two-mile. He was too much for László Tabori, the great Hungarian making his U.S. debut (opposite page). In fact, the whole affair was almost too much for Freddy, who leaped on his rival with a bear hug after the race, establishing a joyous promise of crackling encounters this season

RING IN THE NEW

The sporting world blossomed out with new concepts, new products and new candidates for honors as 1952 began to pour forth its largesse. A sampler of the week's widely varied contributions to sport is shown on these pages.



CALIENTE OPEN (above) players with new worlds—a running line is put for the nation. Here crowd clusters about the big scoreboard freely to watch. (Below) a 1952 event, now.

HIBISCUS STAKES at Hibiscus was the season's first feature of the Hawaiian Government, where athletes, the top.



PRE-SKI SET (above) (left) New Yorker, which is an, one of the first and greatest of the world's. (Below) (right) of Hawaii, Maui, N.Y., the first, the first, the first, the first.

Below: January 1, 1952. (Left) Maui, Hawaii, the first of the year, the first of the year, the first of the year, the first of the year.





BOAT SHOW, consisting of a record 207 exhibits of recreational and commercial, upland and ocean craft, was going on four days at the New York Coliseum. The show introduced

many new designs in boats, power and sailboats, and it actually was more striking than the electrical model show, which delightfully revolved with Johnson's as a 20-ft sailboat model.

the home stretch, but the bay colt, under jockey John Chappas's urging, taking control with magnificent timing to win in the

fourth straight win and regional record. Minnie No. 9 finished second, a half length back. King Brian (No. 4) was third.





WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*



HOMELY ATMOSPHERE complete with a painted mouse hole is setting for woe.

SOME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD GREEN

CANOPIED FOUR-POSTER shelters orange-eyed Shiraz Nouri. Her lion becomes judging animal. Cat is one of seven owned by Ibrahim and Guy Nouri, who believe that cages should reflect owners' affection.



ROBERT GREEN takes time with story. Ayma To-Byan is her black female class.



WALTER ROSE eyes through crowd with his real point: Blatant animal judging.



JOHN MACHONA smoothly holds off the Haidj Haidj up for an admiring pat on the rear.



FLORAL ELEGANCE frames elegant cat Siamese named Diluvener Wabum as he studies onlookers from stage. He was a blue-ribbon-winning monster.



BAGGY SIMPLICITY catclips buckled. Harrower, Clara Gates Yanga of Tarn-horn, who peeks at crowd.

GENTLEMEN PREFER CATS

Some of the world's best-housed cats were recently on view at New York's Empire Cat Club Show, the summit of feline contests. Here cat-fancying women and a surprisingly large number of men (below) presented 256 cats for judgment and

in the interim did their best to make their entries feel at home. But despite the concentrated efforts by the male owners it was again the ladies' day at the cat show as Mrs. Arvid Ohlin's blue long hair (a female) emerged top cat



DONALD WILLIAMS, presented the striking hair by apes, arsons, let blue-eyed female. Many cats decline brushing, prefer to clean themselves.



MRS. ARVID OHLIN, catclips she's covered blue, bold, brown-haired, the Wagoner House of Allington.

TURN PAGE FOR A SPECIAL TROUBLE TO CATS BY T. S. ELIOT



MACAVITY: THE MYSTERY CAT

Macavity's a Mystery Cat; he's called the Hidden Paw—
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's
despair:

For when they reach the scene of crime—Macavity's
not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare.
And when you reach the scene of crime—Macavity's
not there!

You may seek him in the basement, you may look up
in the air—

But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

PRACTICAL

by T. S. ELIOT

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Seldom has the cat been more delightfully
portrayed than in Nobel Prize Poet
T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of
Practical Cats." Here, for those who
remember as well as those who discover
them, are some of his best portraits

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANNE WARRIOR

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are
sunk in.

His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is
highly domed;

His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed,
He sways his head from side to side, with movements
like a snake;

And when you think he's half asleep, he's always
wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him
in the square—

But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of
Scotland Yard's.

And when the ladder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Pake's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past
repair—

Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair—
But it's useless to investigate—Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service
say:

"It must have been Macavity!"—but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him rooting, or sifting of his
chauffeur's.

Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and mystery.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare;
At whatever time the deed took place—MACAVITY
WASN'T THERE!

And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are
widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention
Griddlebone)

Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

CATS



THE SONG OF THE JELLICLES

*Jellicle Cats come out tonight,
Jellicle Cats come out come out,
The Jellicle Moon is shining bright—
Jellicles come to the Jellicle Ball.*

Jellicle Cats are black and white,
Jellicle Cats are rather small;
Jellicle Cats are merry and bright,
And pleasant to hear when they caterwaul.
Jellicle Cats have cheerful faces,
Jellicle Cats have bright black eyes;
They like to practice their airs and graces
And wait for the Jellicle Moon to rise.

Jellicle Cats develop slowly,
Jellicle Cats are not too big;
Jellicle Cats are roly-poly,
They know how to dance a gavotte and a jig.
Until the Jellicle Moon appears,
They make their toilette and take their repose;
Jellicles wash behind their ears,
Jellicles dry between their toes.

Jellicle Cats are white and black,
Jellicle Cats are of moderate size;
Jellicles jump like a jumping-jack,
Jellicle Cats have moonlit eyes.
They're quiet enough in the morning hours,
They're quiet enough in the afternoon,
Reserving their tergichousan powers
To dance by the light of the Jellicle Moon.

Jellicle Cats are black and white,
Jellicle Cats (as I said) are small;
If it happens to be a stormy night
They will practise a caper or two in the hall.
If it happens the sun is shining bright
You would say they had nothing to do at all;
They are resting and saving themselves to be right
For the Jellicle Moon and the Jellicle Ball.

THE OLD GUMBIE CAT

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jernyanydots;
Her coat is of the tabby kind, with tiger stripes and leopard spots.

All day she sits upon the stair or on the steps or on
the mat;

She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that's what makes a
Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.
And when all the family's in bed and asleep,
She tucks up her skirts to the basement to creep.
She is deeply concerned with the ways of the mice—
Their behaviour's not good and their manners not nice—
So when she has got them lined up on the matting,
She teaches them syntax, crocheting and tatting.

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jernyanydots;
Her equal would be hard to find, she likes the warm and sunny spots.

All day she sits beside the hearth or on the bed or on
my hat;

She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that's what makes a
Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.
As she finds that the mice will not ever keep quiet,
She is sure it is due to irregular diet;
And believing that nothing is done without trying,
She sets right to work with her baking and frying.
She makes them a mouse-cake of bread and dried peas,
And a beautiful fry of lean bacon and cheese.

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jernyanydots;
The curtain-cord she flows to wind, and tie it into
sailor-knots.

She sits upon the window-sill, or anything that's smooth and
flat;

She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that's what makes a
Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.
She thinks that the cockroaches just need employment
To prevent them from idle and wanton destruction.
So she's formed, from that lot of disorderly louts,
A troop of well-disciplined helpful boy-scouts,
With a purpose in life and a good deed to do—
And she's even created a Beetle's Tattoo.

So for Old Gumbie Cat let us now give three cheers—
Oh when well-ordered households depart, it appears,



THE OLD KRAUT REVIVES

BY PHILIP



THE BRUINS

By instilling his own fierce will to win in his players, Coach Milton Schmidt, ranking hero of Boston's golden age of hockey, has ended the Bruins' long hibernation and produced the surprise team of the National Hockey League.

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

CHRONIC RUMOR and as it did, Terry Sawchuk's sudden decision last week to quit hockey amounts to a terribly ironic turn of events for the Boston Bruins. This season, for the first time in many dreary winters, the Bruins have been in the battle for the league leadership all the way and are bent on proving during the second half of the season that they are no mere temporary sensation. Without Sawchuk, it will be harder. How much harder is suggested by the fact they have failed to win a game since he left.

The resurgence of the Bruins has effected a considerable change in the usual complexion of the National Hockey League. Over the last half-dozen years, the race, with only fleeting variations, has consisted of two separate races. First, there has been the battle for the top between the Detroit Red Wings and the Montreal Canadiens, the two teams which, incidentally, possess just about all of the game's current superstars. Then, since in the bizarre NHL structure all but the bottom two of the six teams qualify for the Stanley Cup playoffs, there has been the general battle for third and fourth place between the Toronto Maple Leafs, the Boston Bruins and the New York Rangers.

Their decline over the past decade into second-rate powers—struggling for a playoff berth—has been hard on New York and Toronto, but in a curious way it has perhaps been harder of all on Boston. Since the close of World War II, what with the postwarward general collapse of the Red Sox and the almost unmitigated hibernation of the Braves—let us mention such secondary disappointments as the Boston area's waning prestige in golf, tennis and track, the failure of its professional team to gross record and Harvard's slow but sure metamorphosis into the living epitome of de-emphasis on sports, to mention accidentally achieved—being a sports-minded resident of the Massachusetts colony has meant existing on a chronic frontier of frustration. It sends shivers up the spine to think of the depths of despair that might have been reached had there been no Boston Bruins to cheer for and be proud of. (This year the Celtics are, at length, helping out a great deal too.)

Organized in 1924, the Bruins started to catch on two years later (and the local preference for amateur hockey simultaneously needed) after it was revealed that Irving Smoll, an amateur star, was using his club for bank pay. About three years after that, George Owen, the wonderful all-around Harvard athlete, joined the Bruins as a defenseman—and a very fine one. The acquisition of Owen had the effect of banding together all varieties of Boston sports-fans behind the Bruins, the first time that Bostonians had banded together behind anything since the days of the Stamp Act. Always colorful and successful, Boston hockey reached its pinnacle in 1940-41. In that season the Bruins went 21 games without defeat, swept to their fourth consecutive NHL championship, and went on to carry off the Stanley Cup for the second time in that monumental stretch. Small boys growing up in New England during this

period could tell you the goals and assists records of the famed Kraut Line of Schmidt, Bauer and Dussart with greater speed and accuracy than they could tell off the battling avastages of Williams, Durrer and Foye.

Boston hockey, which began to slip during the war when the farm system fell apart, reached one of its lowest points last March when the team failed even to qualify for the playoffs. The person who felt this unhappy state of affairs most keenly was Milt Schmidt, who had just finished his first full season as the Bruins' coach. During his 13-year career in the NHL in which he had come to personify the Bruins in flesh and spirit as completely as the Waa-Roose does the Dodgers or Barney Bangs did the old Washington Redskins, Schmidt had made it eminently clear that he knows only one way to play sports and that is to play to win—not to look good, not to tie, but to win. With the disastrous season irretrievably behind him, Schmidt started to build for a new and better one immediately by undertaking a long scouting tour of the minors. (One of the products of this trip was Larry Rogen, the 21-year-old rookie whom Schmidt converted from a wing to a center and who has performed so brilliantly that everyone has been wondering how a player of his talent could have stayed undiscovered for so long.) When he assembled his squad for pre-season training last September, Schmidt, convinced that he had been too lenient a fellow last year to be a successful coach, began to shape the ship with a real crack. Pre-season training was held this year at the Boston Garden, and to make sure that his players were getting the best of hockey, hockey, hockey, Schmidt made it mandatory for every member of the squad to live in the Hotel Manager, which adjoins the Garden. He moved in himself, the better to enforce a strict curfew of 11 p.m. Furthermore, every man had to be up by 7—there would be none of that lolling in bed and skipping breakfast, and then trying to slide through morning practice without a good meal to fuel you. Schmidt made very few significant changes in arranging his team for maximum strength, other than shifting Doug Mohn from wing to defense. What he concentrated on was instilling his club with head-on determination to win hockey games and driving them into tip-top condition necessary to go all-out every minute they were on the ice.

Rush to the top

The team got off well. In their third game, they beat Los Angeles, a happy surprise. Two weeks later they defeated Los Angeles on Los Angeles' home ice, a rarer feat. In fourth place as the fifth week of the season began, the Bruins really began to move. They defeated the Rangers in New York, the Red Wings in Boston, Los Angeles in Montreal, *Los Angeles* in Los Angeles, and Los Angeles in Boston—all this within a space of five nights. This terrific rush halted the Bruins into first place. They have managed to stay in that general vicinity ever since.

The big point about the Bruins' resurgence is that it has been, to use Schmidt's own phrase, "entirely a team effort."

Continued on page 10

ROUSING PEP TALK by Coach Schmidt perks a genuine dedication that would put most college football coaches to shame.

OLD KRAUT REVIVES BRUINS

Continued from page 41

With the exception of Sawchuk, extremely underappreciated, the Bruins have no star players. In fact, on paper they are hardly an impressive crew at all, an amalgam of a few reliable veterans, a few retired cantollos and a few promising but not outstanding youngsters. But they have hustled like nobody's business, and hockey is essentially an instant game in which a hustling B-plus player can more than hold his own against an A-minus or even an A- player who is taking it a bit easy. The Bruins' success, in short, underlines an old fact that is too frequently forgotten in this day of overattention to individual performers: the strength of a team can be greater than the sum of its individual parts.

As Schmidt sees it, genuine team play can result only when every man on the team knows he is a valuable cog and is fired by those two old irrepressibles, desire and determination. "In the dressing room before every game," Schmidt told a friend this winter, "I look to see that every man is keyed up about the game, about what he's going to be doing to help the team. You've got to have those butterflies in your stomach. You'll lose them the minute you hit the ice, but you've got to start with them or you'll never be able to get in the game." Schmidt has succeeded so well in instilling the Bruins with his own will to win that, according to Herb Raby of the *Boston Globe*, college coaches would do well to take their squads to the Bruins' dressing room so that they could see what real campus spirit is like.

Milton Schmidt's arrival as a productive coach marks, in a way, the culmination of one of the most heart-warming stories not only in hockey but in all of sport. It is the story also of Woody Dumart, left wing, and Bobby Bauer, right wing, who with Schmidt (at centers) formed the Kraut Line, one of the great forward lines in the history of hockey and undoubtedly the greatest in the period between the passing of the Rangers' Cook-Boucher-Cook line and the formation of Les Canadiens' Paré Line of Blake-Lack-Richard. The story of the Krauts has the ring of those improbable novels that one is saturated with as a youngster—*The Wind Mags in America*, *The Gilded Age*—a *Clash of Court at Wimbledon*, and so on—in which devoted boyhood rhyma-scale the heights together, all for one and one for all. Well, that is really the story of the Krauts, three very fine, thoroughly exceptional young men. Offhand, I can think of only one other chapter in recent sports history that has the same quality of boyhood fiction about it, and that is the story of that amazing transatlantic of Oxford runners—Chris Brasher and Chris Chataway selfishly altering their own immediate ambitions to work with their friend Roger Bannister on how they could best pace him in his effort to shatter the four-minute mile.)

It was Albert (Battship) Ledue, the old defenseman, who christened Schmidt, Bauer and Dumart "The Krauts," and his inspiration was simple: the boys were all of German ancestry. Schmidt and Dumart were born in Kitchener, Ontario, an industrial town about 60 miles out of Toronto where the bulk of the 45,000 residents are of German descent. (Kitchener, as a matter of fact, had been originally called Berlin, but World War I decreed the discreet change of names. When World War II erupted, history repeated itself mildly, and the Kraut Line was temporarily rechristened the Kitchener Kids.) Schmidt's home in Kitchener was about a mile from Dumart's and just about a mile also from Bauer's in the adjoining twin town

of Waterloo. "I don't remember exactly when I first met Porky—that's what we've always called Dumart," Schmidt was recalling recently, "but I must have been about 7 or 8. Pork was about a year and a half older than me, and big for his age, and he played defense. I didn't see as much of Bobby when I was a kid, since he lived across the river, but all of us knew each other and kept running into each other playing hockey or baseball."

Schmidt and Dumart became teammates for the first time when they both made the team that represented Kitchener in the Ontario Hockey League, a junior league for players 20 and under. In their third year, 1934-35, they were joined by Bauer, who had been attending St. Michael's College in Toronto and, incidentally, making quite a name for himself. At the close of that season Bauer was signed by the Bruins, after a fairly complicated negotiation with Toronto which had originally drafted him. Dumart was personally recruited by Art Ross, the Bruins' general manager, and also signed. Bauer and Dumart lost little time telling Ross about Schmidt, and Ross invited Schmidt, via letter, to attend the Boston training camp the following September. "None of us has ever forgotten Schmidt's answer," Ross was remembering this winter. "He wrote that he appreciated the invitation very much, and would immediately get a job and start saving his money so that he could afford to make the trip. He had no idea the club paid a player's expenses."

An amalgam of masses

A tall young man, Schmidt weighed about 125 pounds at the time of his first tryout. That was too light for pro hockey, so he went back to Kitchener for a final year of junior hockey and some general fattening up. The next year, when he was 18 and somewhat sturdier in physique than Deacon White, hockey's renowned "Dancing Hairpin," Schmidt joined Bauer and Dumart as a member of the Providence Reds, the Bruins' main farm club. In Providence they were placed on the same line as Ross's inspiration, the beginning of the '37-'38 season, the Krauts had graduated as men to the Bruins. There they stayed and played their understandable precise and imaginative hockey for 4½ years until they enlisted, as a trio, in the Royal Canadian Air Force. The trio fought the war together, and when it was over returned to the Bruins and put in two more seasons as a line before their partnership was dissolved by Bauer's decision to retire and to enter his father-in-law's business, the Canada Shale Co. Bobby is undoubtedly the only NHL player who ever chose to retire after a season in which he scored 39 goals, the equivalent of hitting .359. Dumart remained an active player with the Bruins until 1954, when he was 37 years old. The previous spring, in a playoff series in which a mediocre Boston team unaccountably overcame the Red Wings, Dumart turned in a last superlative performance when, with a tremendous exhibition of all-round defensive play, he held the great Gordon Howe in check game after game as Howe has never been checked before or since. Schmidtity hung on as a player until midway through the '34-'35 season when, unable to do the things he could once do on ice, he accepted the coaching job that had been held waiting for him for many seasons.

The Krauts continue to be very close to each other. Bauer, of course, presently lives back in Kitchener-Waterloo, but he comes down to Boston fairly frequently on business trips and for special Bruin occasions. Such a one was the evening of March 18, 1952, Milt Schmidt Night at the Garden. For that one game against the Blackhawks,



Bauer was officially reinstated as a player and the Kratts were reunited for one final thing together. When they did was almost too good to be true. Even though he had been in retirement for five years, Bauer managed to score a picture-postcard goal, and in the second period he and Dumart worked the puck down the ice, whipped it over to Schmidt in front of the cage, and Schmidt slapped in the 200th goal of his NHL career. Since Dumart's retirement, he has been affiliated with Bauer's skate company as its New England representative, and the Dumarts live next door to the Schmidts in Needham, a suburb of Boston. Percy and Milt drive into and back from every home game together, talking things over, or if the Bruins are in a rough slump, shouting up together. "This year," Dumart says, "has been a much better one for conversation than last."

The spearhead of the Kratts, to be sure, was Schmidt, three-time All-League center, top league scorer in 1939-40, and as late as the 1950-51 season winner of the Hart Trophy as the league's most valuable player. "Schmidt was the fastest playmaker of all times," Art Ross has remarked. "By that I mean that no player ever skated at the tilt Schmidt did and was still able to make the play." Because of his full-throttle style of attack, when Schmidt was body-checked by a rugged defenseman on the line of "Black Jack" Stewart, the impact was more like a crash than a mere check. For all his sinew, Schmidt suffered an almost endless succession of injuries, which included broken ribs, a broken jaw, a broken nose, severe injuries to his knees and a recurrent wry neck. An incredible competitor, he almost always managed to get onto the ice somehow and play. Against the Leafs, for example, in one playoff series, when both his knees were so banged up from repeated injuries that he literally couldn't bend them, he had his legs taped from the ankle to the thigh and then had himself lifted off the table and "onto his skates." Not infrequently, Schmidt's injuries resulted from shuddering collisions with the metal goal posts. In a playoff game against Los Angeles in 1947, just such a collision was the inevitable aftermath of one of the most spectacular of his countless spectacular goals. With the Canadians trailing by a goal and pressing hard for the equalizer, Schmidt broke up a Montreal power play by getting the tip of his

ONE OF HOCKEY'S oldest goal scoring combinations, the Kratt line—Bauer, right wing, Schmidt, center, Dumart, left wing—grew up in formation in Kitchener. The line came to the Boston Bruins in 1947 and immediately dominated. Their precise and imaginative passing was first mapped out at home with pencil and paper, then perfected in practice sessions. Bauer was a very brainy player, clever about the boards, opportunistic around the net. Dumart had a hard, heavy shot and amazing energy.



blade onto a pass-flow was being fed back from a corner to Mitch Bouchard stationed at one of the points just inside the Boston blue line. He flipped the puck over Bouchard's stick, wheeled in a flash and corralled the loose puck at center ice on a stop-and-go of Bouchard and another pursuing Canadian. Usually, in a circumstance like this when a player in Schmidt's position has the chance for a breakout, either he is overtaken by the defending players or else, in calculating them, he is simply going too fast to control himself and the puck at the same time. Schmidt, however, managed to stay in the clear with a terrific burst of speed and still retain partial control of the puck as he swept, more than a little off balance from his effort, into Montreal territory with only the goalie, Bill Dumas, to beat. Instead of just settling for getting a shot off and calling it a good play at that, Schmidt somehow poised himself just long enough to snap a hard low shot into the left-hand corner of the cage. Then, swinging way out of control at almost the same instant, he tumbled over himself onto the ice and went sliding head-first against the goal post and off the goal post into the cage itself. After a few repairs, he was back in the game again, never sparing himself. As a coach, Schmidtity has never asked his players to do anything he didn't do himself, and this explains his success to a considerable measure.

A meaningful boost

If there is such a thing as the definitive Schmidt anecdote, it took place in the summer of 1954 when Schmidt, about to begin his first full season as the Bruins' coach, was having a drink after a round of golf with Lynn Patrick, the Bruins' present general manager when Schmidt had succeeded as coach, and a small group of their mutual friends. The conversation turned to hockey. "Schmidt will never be as successful a coach as I was," Patrick suddenly volunteered. Patrick is a notoriously mature and unegoistic person, and hearing him talk like this staggered his Bruins, Schmidt particularly. "That's true—Schmidtity will never be anywhere near as successful a coach as I was," Patrick repeated. "He'll never be able to look down the bench when the team's in trouble and say as I could, 'Milt, get out there.' "

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Pete Elliott, 35, assistant coach of Nebraska, pulled up stakes after one season at Nebraska to become youngest football coach ever at U. of California. To succeed him at Nebraska, Berkeley Coach Bill Jennings.



Tootie Albright, junior at Radcliffe who won her first figure skating title at 11 and went on to take national, Olympic and world championships, has been accepted by Harvard Medical School and will give up competition "for a while."

RECORD BREAKERS

John Devitt, anchor of Australia's rising young stars, struggled off wind and rain which swept 35-meter outdoor North Sydney pool, cleaned up his own work as he freestyled 110 yards in amazing 55.2, fastest ever for long course, in New South Wales championship (Jan. 19).

Viking Victory, brown, 4-year-old Cautown offspring, who failed 12 lengths off pace only five days earlier, hustled 57 1/2 furlongs in his new world record in closing race at Florida's Tropical Park (Jan. 16).

TRACK & FIELD

Fred Dwyer, slender greeting-card salesman, saved special message for Hungary's Laszlo Tulosi until final 400 yards, then unleashed withering sprint to win two-mile race in UCLA's open indoor season at Boston (Jan. 20).

BASKETBALL

Mickey Mantle, minor-league batsman, missed his business arm, had failed week since 1956 World Series. After returning unsigned contract to New York Yankees, Mantle's deal took to Baltimore to be crowned Sultan of Suez regularly; he went to Chicago to play. Coach Stengel, except J. Louis Combs, around then Chicago baseball writers brand himself designated Player of Year and winner of 84 Most played by New York, across; shuffled off to Rochester, N.Y. to haul over \$10,000 dues—doublet left as Hickok's Pro Athlete of Year.

BASKETBALL

Joan Stein, Texas, and Tulane checked in with world's biggest upset on page 41 but North Carolina,umped unseated, beating North Carolina State 83-37 for 15th straight.

Boston picked up pace after All-Star game, won by West 109-92, broke back three straight to lead NBA Eastern Division by five games. Celtics ended week by checking second-place New York 114-79, against Bob Cousy scored 52 points in 28 minutes. St. Louis caught fire to win four out of five in West, got third coach of season when Alex Hannan replaced Stan Martin, Fort Wayne held shaky 1-game edge with Rochester, Minneapolis and St. Louis in virtual tie for second.

FOOTBALL

Colgate's Hal Laker, with three seasons to go on five-year pact, became head coach of Boston, where school's been had on successfully doubled back of with only 125 live attendance each week to make coach's Bill Wilkinson three major shifts: Wyoming's Phil Dickens (after 10-0 season to Indiana); UCLA line coach James Hyatt to Iowa State.

TENNIS

Pamela Grossman, rocky, old pro, whose career losing power has developed into an amateur champion, won last out of five free matches with Anne Ken Rosewell as tour began in Australia.

GOLF

Ed Furgel, 33, 1 in pari-mutuel betting at nearby race track, made his appearance as premiere player stand up, paring two extra holes while Al Hewson, dashed headed putt, to win playoff and Caliente Open at Tijuana, Mexico. Tommy Bolt, trigger-tempered chairman of PGA conduct constructive and sometimes railed greatest club thrower in golfing history, indulged in laxative pastime in third round, made golfers gesture of sympathy firing himself \$400.

AUTO RACING

Ferrari owner of Kansas City's Mastertentory, and Fiat's Eugene Castellotti and Luigi Musso, shuffling in and out of driver's seat, outkicked England's Stirling Moss, in Maserati, to win 625-mile City of Buenos Aires championship race.

HORSE RACING

Ralph Love's Gaiety Man, showed good speed, turning it on in stretch to outstrip Missile and King Haines as favored Federal Hill faltered, finished disappointing fifth behind Lucky George in 1:50.40 in \$25,000 Ribbles Stakes at Hialeah, first major test for 3-year-old. — see page 42.

BOXING

Art Truena, ex-fighter, outstrung Golden Boy charged with trying to fix San Antonio fight with boxing club, Hobbs, in boxing himself in more trouble than Peck's Bad Boy. Under suspension in Texas and without license in California, Aragon was

FOCUS ON THE DEED



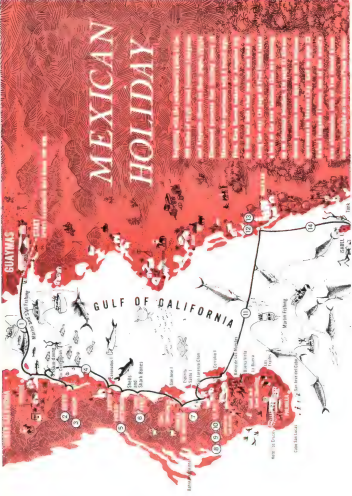
HEAVYWEIGHTED SPRINTER Douglass, second from left, carries a 125-pound load to victory in six-furlong Hialeah Invitational as if in answer to classic weight arguments (see page 41).



OLD HEAVYWEIGHTS George Sargent, left, and Lefty Fitzgibbon, together with Jack Phipps, a Hollywood, where the former champion was subject of The 1- Year Life TV show.

MEXICAN HOLIDAY

Impassioned food has long been a staple of the Mexican diet. From the north to the south, the cuisine is a blend of indigenous and foreign influences. The result is a rich and diverse culinary tradition that has evolved over centuries. The Mexican diet is not just about food, but about the culture and the people who share it. It is a celebration of life and a reflection of the Mexican spirit.



GUAYMAS

MEXICO

GULF OF CALIFORNIA

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MARBLE MARBLE

M. Regalado

MARBLE CLOSET

LOBBY

COIN CLOSET

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WATERWAY

NORTHERN APPROACHES

THE SOUTHERN APPROACH to the waterway is good. Mexico actually begins any cruise along the Pacific Coast where there is a yachman with the time and the urge to sail to Acapulco. However, San Diego, as the most southern U.S. port of any consequence, makes a good jumping-off place. Therefore, plan your trip from San Diego; plan it for the months between Oct. 15 and May 15, when the summer cyclones (locally called hurricanes) and rainy season in west Mexico are over; and plan to be gone at least six weeks.

The best way to see about embarkation is Port Director John Bates, who has made the trip himself and will do anything reasonable to help visiting yachtsmen. Before you hurt yourself on Mr. Bates, however, you should get a vaccination certificate, without which you may get into Mexico but not back into the United States. Then go to the Mexican consulate or Government Tourist Bureau, hearing with you some proof of U.S. citizenship and pick up a Mexican tourist card. This costs \$8 and is all you need to get yourself over the border. Then to get the boat and crew enter the border, head out to the San Diego Yacht Club. On the way out, leave your anchorage at the Kona Kai Club on Shelter Island, easily the most pleasant place to stay—\$10 to \$15 per night for a cabin, along the San Diego waterfront, and only a few hundred yards from the yacht club basin. The people at the club will give you a sheet of official-looking papers. These are your own boat and hullid manifest, which you must fill out, noting that you are a yachtsman bent on pleasure, whose boat is traveling in ballast, etc., and carrying cargo.

Give the ballast number and area list in the Mexican coordinates.

Now you are ready for the final taking on of storms, making certain you have everything you need on page 161 before you drive off alone in a boat that has perhaps one completely equipped skipper. Inquiries in the next 1,234 calls. If you would prefer to have some one else worry about all these details, call a customs broker like Miss Margaret Cappellet, 772 State Street, Miss Cappellet, rather equipment, will, for a reward of \$91, put your straight with the Mexican customs, and beat the boat on land. It's your first trip, you might do well to call her; it's simpler to profit, than let her take the time, from your own, make a

This drive, you could be ready to head out, planning at least five long chases and eight to get around to Los Pinos. A show usually, particularly one with a family crew that doesn't race into drivers day and night, may want to take a couple of weeks, working at night and navigating the tracks sometime only by daylight. Otherwise you can't, it, don't look for any bright lights and luxury along the way. This is pure adventure in rough, primitive surroundings, unlike anything you have ever seen before—which, after all, is the last possible reason for riding.

FOUND THE TIP of Lower California, from San Diego to Los Angeles, distance of 100 miles. First trip: very much in the middle of the century. Also found good new roads.



TO WEST MEXICO by EZRA BOWEN

After the run down from San Diego, most sailors start from La Paz for a cruise to Acapulco or the Gulf of California. However, in order to report on the best spots along the entire coast, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** arranged to begin its trip in Guaymas

GUAYMAS

Now you are out of the United States. The food is different and the towns are different. Most particularly, the people have a different way of doing things, and you may as well get used to it. For example, after you have slid through the entrance channel into Guaymas Bay and dropped off the stone quay of the inner harbor, you must tell the various officials you have arrived. They already know this, of course, but they have to stamp your crew list and heli-lust manifest, and certify some more copies for the customs of the port at your next stop. If you have arrived during official working hours, 8 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., these services should cost you nothing. But after hours be prepared to shell out an overtime fee of from 35 to 70 pesos.

So pay the fee and don't quibble. Mexicans are proud, particularly of their official positions; and they are rarely in as big a hurry as Americans. If you start pounding desks, you will get nowhere.

Now you can start worrying about the boat. If there is anything wrong with it, move it around to Construcciones Navales, where they have a 70-ton and a 35-ton MARINE RAILWAY. If all you need is supplies, leave the boat where it is and go to Provedores de Buques (a first-rate ship chandlery). Casa Morille (for dry groceries like sugar, flour, coffee, etc.) and to the public market place for MEAT and FRESH VEGETABLES.

A word about food. In most of Mexico it is a good idea never to eat unpeeled fruit or unboiled vegetables. In a few towns—Guaymas is one of them—you can go ahead without worrying. But always ask someone, like an American or a respectable Mexican, first.

Water also should be regarded with deep suspicion. Drink only boiled water and, to save boiling it yourself, plan to buy three or four demijohns of pure water at each port. For dishwash-

ing water, you may fill the ship's tanks from the hose on the dock. But when you do, be sure to throw in a few chlorine pills just to make sure in case you forget.

As in San Diego, you can save yourself all those worries about provisions, port captains and so on simply by going to a CUSTOM BROKER. Best man in Guaymas is John Davidson (left a hull



black from the piehead). He will be delighted to handle everything. Then go find yourself a taxi and proceed, with fishing tackle and some clean clothes in hand, to the Hotel Playa de Cortés, one of North America's really pleasant hotels.

The Corde sits on the edge of a wide, sandy bay called Roscoftampo, a three-mile cab ride (maybe 15 pesos) from town. When you arrive, install yourself in one of the large, cool rooms (\$10 to \$16.25 American plan, that overlook the bay. If it is late afternoon, aim for the bar, where Mexican guitar music will be in progress and the bartender will be making a series of highly successful experiments with the inexpensive native rum.

If it is early morning, ask someone where Tommy Jamison or John Mills is. When you have found one of them, hand him \$4.50 to \$10 per hour, depending on the boat, for some of the best deep-sea fishing of your life. The quiet water outside the bay holds every

conceivable kind of Pacific fish, including an apparently limitless supply of sailfin and marlin.

The week the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** boat was in town, the Jamison-Mills fleet brought in six marlin and 75 sail, with 15 more sails released because of the two-a-boat per day limit. They also boasted 120 dolphin and 3,220 pounds of smaller fish like sierra mackerel, grouper, yellowtail, pompano and red snapper.

As a matter of fact, the fishing here is so good that you should try it whether or not you have a yacht for the trip down the coast. To get here, you can come by car 267 miles down a good, paved road from Nogales on the Arizona border. From Ciudad Juárez across the border from El Paso, Texas, you can fly in via Trans Mar de Cortés. From Los Angeles you can fly Compañía Mexicana de Aviación to Hermosillo and then an 80-rate taxi ride to the hotel. Or from San Diego take a taxi across the border to Tijuana and a plane directly to Guaymas.

ADVICE

When you are ready to leave Guaymas, plan on a 33-mile run west across the Gulf of California to Mulegé. Fast boats can easily make it across in daylight. Slow boats would do well to head out at night, planning to make their landfall in the morning. There are two good reasons for doing your inshore work in the daytime. One is that the charts for the coast south to Acapulco are pre-1920 vintage; and although the Hydrographic Office has striven to update and amend the old charts, they haven't quite caught up to a few rocks and sand bars that could end your trip with a horrible crunch. The other reason is that most of the navigation lights sprinkled around the worst places frequently run out of juice and stay out for days at a time.

Incidentally, don't worry about the

continued on next page

MEXICAN WATERWAY

(continued from page 47)

Weather. In this country it rains mightily twice in 10 days. Storms almost never happen between November and April. But if you're the nervous type, keep an eye on the native fishermen. If they stay in, you stay in.

When you leave to off Mulegé, take special note of the wind. The bottom off Sombrerito Point at the mouth of the Mulegé lagoon is unstable in a northerly or northeasterly wind; so if it's blowing that way, keep going south into Concepción Bay, leaving Mulegé for another day. If the wind is offshore, approach just north of the point, thus avoiding the uncharted mud bar and submerged rock that stick out southeast of the mouth of the lagoon, and drop anchor in 3½ fathoms 100 yards offshore. Then look out the skin-diving equipment. Along the rocks just off Sombrerito the spearfishing is so good that you should have enough for dinner (more or less, later).

When you're tired, take the dinghy ashore, walk around behind the point and ask the man who runs the half-cave, half-thatched hut type of beer emporium to get you a ride into town. He will disappear on a bicycle. Then a truck will appear. Get in it and go to the Club Mulegé, a back-cactus kind of sportsman's club with a rather pleasant bar, fresh-water showers and a small ice-making machine.

Shower up, have a quick lunch washed down by two or three cool drinks, buy a sackful of the local grapefruit, figs, dates, mangoes, and then ask the truck driver to take you up to the prison, where live some of the happiest murderers in the world. Every morning the prison gates open, and the prisoners, ungarded, go off to work on the local farms, visit with their wives, fish, or whatever. In the evening they all come back to jail unopposed. The only discipline is a sort of honor system, which works because the desert mountains around the Mulegé area are too unthinkably bleak to escape and because everybody is having a comparatively good time.

At the prison, if anyone is home, buy some of the beautiful tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl ornaments the prisoners carve in their spare time. Then go back to the boat and shore off for Concepción Bay.

CONCEPCIÓN BAY

Leave Mulegé no later than 3 in the afternoon to give yourself two or three hours to make Coyote Bay, an anchor-

age inside Concepción Bay, before dark. On the way into Concepción, the chart notes a half-mile sand bar sticking out from the east shore two miles below San Pedro Point. Make that a one-mile sand bar, and don't expect more than nine feet of water over the deep end at low tide.

Entering Coyote Bay, move toward the beach under sandbars. When you



get 100 yards offshore, drop anchor.

Before it gets absolutely dark, row ashore to visit with the family—ancient patriarch and square, two sons, one with square, and three little fish—an ladies—that live on the beach. Give them some fruit juice for the kids, some .22 shells and fishhooks for the men and some sewing needles and soap powder for the old square. In return, they'll show you their private fishing ground, where they pick up some of the most beautiful crinid shells you have ever seen. Now go back to the boat, watch the sunset and lie down to sleep under the stars.

In the morning, tow the old man and his sons down the bay to Ricosan Island. Dive with them in the shallow water for the giant *conchas*, being careful to poke each one with your knife before you pick it up so that you don't make a fatal grab for an out-size, saw-toothed clam. Then sail back to Coyote and try this recipe for supper: Into one large pot throw these clams, shellfish, sierra mackerel, tomatoes, onions, salt, garlic, pepper, hot sauce, oregano, beer (about a bottle), some water and a baby octopus (plenty in the shallows around the bay). Cook all this for a couple of hours. Wash down with rum. If you're still hungry, round it off with more sierra rolled up inside a tortilla. If that doesn't satisfy you, eat a plateful of *trixies*—*kolomyike*-looking beans—and wash them down with a cup of coffee. It is now time, depending on how strong a man you are, either to sleep or shore off for Loreto.

LORETO

Loreto is an overnight run 51 miles from Concepción. The coast between is a bit tricky for nighttime naviga-

tion, but the moonlighting light and the shallow (it fathoms a third mile offshore) harbor at Loreto are no worse. So plan to arrive in the morning. When you get there, anchor ½ mile off the pier about ¾ mile south of the church dome, and prepare to spend a couple of days hunting where under the auspices of the Flying Sportsman Lodge, which is the cluster of yellow buildings back of the pier.

The Flying Sportsman Lodge exists primarily for the pleasure of California hunters and fishermen who fly down from Tijuana to Trues Marine Cottages for the hill-bing and mountain lion, deer, dove or quail shooting. But it is also at the disposal of visiting sportsmen for standard prices.

Loreto is a PORT OF ENTRY, so after you have been at the lodge for a few minutes, a stocky character named Juan Larriaga will appear, asking in Spanish for your papers. Give them to him and your official business is over. If you need supplies, accept the offer also in Spanish, from Pepe, the club manager, of a ride to town.

Just before you get to town there will be a large, beige-colored building on the left. This is the best store in town for GARDENING, cigarettes, pens, pants, coffee, etc. In town, just past the cathedral, is the TELEGRAPH office. Far east, at about 300 per U.S. gallon, see the *Donex* agent who operates behind the chicken coop at the northwest corner of the village square. There is no DIESEL fuel in town. The lodge has a MECHANIC, and even a 20-HP MARINE SAWYER for shallow-draft motor cruisers. Their hot water is also drinkable and they'll make up some 10¢ for you at 40¢ per hundred pounds.

At Loreto, go hunting. Back in the hills, particularly down toward Puerto Escondido, the rocks are full of mountain lion. There are also a fair number of bighorn sheep. But here, as everywhere else in North America, the sheep are protected. Around the narrow outskirts of town, the dove and quail shooting is as good as any you'll ever see. The lodge has .22s and 12-gauge shotguns for rent for \$3 to \$5 per day, and they can promote you a .30-30 for lions.

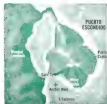
After two or three days of shooting, eat a big lunch at the lodge, where they grow all their own vegetables and chickens and cook a really good meal. Wave goodbye to Pepe, who couldn't care less about the bill ("If you leave without paying, we don't chase after you. We just wave goodbye, come back") and head for Puerto Escondido, 15 miles away.

THE FLOWYIN' TIME

There is no detailed further chart for Puerto Rico, and, regrettably, not with reliable sources. Therefore, even up to the average sea level, reaching about 80 yards off the coast, based near the mouth of the lagoon. Don't try to go into the lagoon, which is silted to about one to four feet.

If you arrive during the late afternoon, go trolling on two engines. Then return to the boat with the fish you have caught and, realizing that this is Mexico, season it primitively, backcountry Mexico where the diet is limited, deeply fry the fish, shock them down with tortillas and frijoles, and flavor them with a glass of rum. Ensenada, by the way, with its 2,000-foot cliffs plunging straight up from the semi-enclosed coastal plain, is one of the most beautiful places in the world at sunset. Hence, drop on deck. The sun is just as good.

When the sun is fairly up, give over the morning to skin-diving along the



ENTRANCE: At low tide, the boat is pulled to anchor. Hot water is off rocky beach.

stems or at the mouth of the lagoon. Finish in time for an early lunch, then pull up the anchor and raise an 22 miles wester to Arroyo Verde.

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It is hardly possible to overstate the primitive beauty of a place like Agaña Vendi, or Keenelidze to the north, although other coast, Agaña Vendi is the result of place yachmen must fight to get to, to be alone, sometimes over the hills, explore the BMS, or onto the beach, to reach shells or the fascinating skeletons of sharks and other marine life. But along this coast is simply another pretty place. If you're pressed for time, skip it. But you can make the 120 miles from Puerto Keenelidze to La Paz in a large day.

Flow boats should aim for an anchorage in the San José Channel, 45 miles from Aguas Verdes. This is another prime spot for lighters. The basin behind the dam is always crisscrossed with boat tracks. If you're lucky, you may even see a humpback.

Now you are ready for the 40-mile hop to La Paz. Important fact: you are coming to the end of the Gulf of Lower California and to the end of the rains broken by intermittent winds no stronger than 15 mph. Of Mercedula straight, the Storms of the Northwest, which had subsided in a fat rain at about 5 in the afternoon, was rattled out by a 25-40 knot norther that blew close and strong for two days. These northers are standard procedure for the south end of the Gulf from November through March. They blow two to three days, then flatter out for three to five days. Actually, they aren't really storms, just a stiff blow that makes sleeping impossible in open water, but also makes for wonderful sailing.

LA PAZ

If a norther is blowing as you come down from Cumbre de Meeting, swing out to the east and ride into La Paz along the lee of the Espiritu Santo Island chain.

The channel into La Paz is as miserable, winding and shabby as they come. Do it slowly, do it right, and do it in the daytime. Once in, anchor anywhere in the main basin, leaving the townside, Uruachito, and your bags over to the Las Arenas Hotel (\$8 single to \$21, probably the best rock garden, U.S. newspapers, airplane reservations in and out of town, fairly good food, public shelter in the town proper. Alternatives: El Mirón, La Peña or Los Cocos, three miles out of town.

As your bags disappear down the palm-lined waterfront street, go half a block inland to an office on the right operated by Fernando Chacon, the host-a-lot's insurance in town. Ask Sergio Chacon to enter and clear your boat. If you need to take on bulk diesel fuel, he'll help you with those arrangements, too. Now proceed a block inland and two streets to the right to provisions from Ruffo's, a gigantic Mexican vendor of a *mercaderes*.

If your boat has developed any of the aforementioned ailments, it is more likely to get in tropical waters, particularly where the winds and waves are poorly charted, more it down-harbor to the shipyard and called Abscon. Then tell Bufo your troubles, and if you do it right, he'll detach one of his

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MEXICAN WATERWAY

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mechanics, who are probably better than Abasco's, to help out.

If you plan to stay in town, you can ask Ruffo, or any of the hotel managers, to set you up for a day's marlin and sailfishing, which costs \$48 to \$90 and is just about as good here as



It is in Guaymas. The marlin fishing may even be a little better.

And, if you do stay in town, hire a secretary. This will be a fast-talking character who knows more about the town than anybody, including the police, and who is all yours, with automobile, for \$1.50 per hour (good price) or \$2 per hour (Gringo price). The smartest secretary in town is Ray Alvarado, available through Los Abasco or El Minúto. Ray also has a country-wide reputation as a swift-tongue guide.

Anyone with four or five days to spare at this point should forget about staying in town. Instead, having wired well ahead for reservations, head for the airport, where you will be met by a plane owned and/or flown by one Abelardo Rodríguez, owner of two plush, nearly perfect watering places south of La Paz.

The closest, only an eight-minute flight over to the southwest coast, is called Rancho de Las Cruces, an old Spanish rancho made over by Abelardo into a luxurious guest ranch, complete with swimming pool, delicious food and marlin fishing for \$50 to \$60 per day. Also on the premises there are other airplanes in which Abelardo will take you south to Bienes Vistas (1½ minutes) for dove shooting, La Bienes (25 minutes) for ducks or to San José del Cabo (40 minutes) where, from the balconies of Abelardo's other hotel, you can enjoy what is, in this writer's opinion, the finest marine view in the world for \$20 a night.

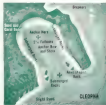
Any or all of the above places, plus the harbor and beach at Los Frailes, are reachable by boat to a yachtsman taking the slow way around the Cape to La Paz. So you may want to visit them in the leisurely, yachting fashion, rather than hopping down by plane.

A last word about airplanes. Trans Mar de Cortes flies out of Tijuana and Ciudad Juárez to La Paz, thus opening both the fishing and Abelardo's hotels to nonpachameros. Aeromexico de México also flies from Tijuana.

ALABASTINE

A good way to cross the mouth of the Gulf is to leave La Paz in the early morning, have lunch at Rancho de Las Cruces, and spend the night anchored at either Isla Cerralvo (west winds) or Bahía de los Muertos (west winds). Both have good beaches, with enough skin-diving to occupy the afternoon.

Then shove off in the morning for the 180-mile voyage across, navigating for a 2° southerly drift for the current at 5 to 6 knots. Survive above all to make Mazatlán, with its rockbound harbor entrance, by afternoon of the next day. If you are lucky you may see something along the way like the sight that struck the Sports Illustrated crew the afternoon of the second day out, when a school of at least 300 marlin, stretching from our port quarter



CLONCHOO ENTRANCE is marked on a nautical chart, but bottom holds well in coral.

diagonally out of sight toward the horizon, thrashed the water with sudden projectile jumps in an hour-long orgy of feeding and playing.

If, by some unhappy chance, you should arrive off Mazatlán in the dark, try not to be confused by the dozens of yellow lights that will be flickering low to the water all around the mouth of the channel. These are the torches of mullet fishermen who stay out all night, diving from their small rowboats by torchlight. When you have muddled past the mullet fishermen, move into the channel about a half mile and drop your anchor firmly into the mud bottom just off the line of four sport-fishing docks on the port bank. If you have a Danforth anchor, use it, since there is a three-knot tide in the harbor,

with plenty of fishing boats to hang into if your old anchor trips.

Give over any entering, clearing or replenishing problems you have to Bill Hempel, a slim, pale young man who runs the fishing dock on the right as you face the land. Then charter one of Bill's boats (\$50 to \$60) for some top-notch marlin fishing. The boats of the other three charterboatmen are at least as good as Bill's, and their prices are the same. But Bill, who lited up somehow with local tourist promotion, can save you the grossly-annoying \$50 customs excise fee for getting your yacht in and out of town. And, in case there is something wrong with your engine, his buddies in the shrimp plants are the best mechanics in town. So why pass all this up just to go fishing with somebody else?

With the boat business attended to, you may want to head uptown to rest after the two-day crossing. If so, aim for either the Belmar (\$2.50 to \$7.50 European, good food, dancing Saturdays and holidays to an ancient, corn-tasting Mexican band) in the middle of town, or the Playa (70 to 85 pesos one mile out the beach road, The Belmar, incidentally, is also a good starting point from which to track down Captain Adrián Valadez Lejano, Valadez to you, the best sporting guide in town. For \$40 to \$50 a day, Valadez will take you out for some dove, duck, deer, or jaguar shooting the latter especially worthwhile if you've never done it before.

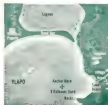
DEER AND JAGUARS

From Mazatlán, head south to Isabel Island, a little lump of rock and bush that rises from the sea about 85 miles to the south. Just off the rugged south shore, tank divers will find a limitless supply of red snapper from three pounds up past 40. Less accomplished skin-divers will find plenty of small fry in the tiny lagoon between the two headlands. Nonswimmers can have fun walking the rocks, coming right up to the fluffy-headed, green-coated baby birds that perch around the rocks, unafraid of people since they have no previous experience with them.

Forty miles southwest of Isabel, or overnight from Mazatlán, are the Tres Marias, lovely sailing hills that look like a cluster of Berkshire



Hills which somehow got dropped into the Pacific. On the biggest, María Madre, is another of these fascinating Mexican penal colonies where nobody seems to be really in jail. Each day the men work in the lumber mill, salt pit, steel plant (which makes usable spare line for your boat), the backyard or



VALENTINE'S ANCHORAGE is relatively unpoliced. Don't stop here during noontime.

the **MACHINE SHOP**. When they are through, they go hunting, play baseball, walk through the mountains, play checkers or do ornate carving in silver, tortoise shell or in the rare jungle woods which flourish on the islands.

Buy some of their carvings. The tortoiseshell necklaces, if they could be had in the States, would cost well over \$25 apiece. Local prices: \$4 to \$6.

If your boat draws nine feet or less, you can back it up to the pierhead for **WATER** (good to drink), excellent pork from the prison slaughterhouse or even a little **SEA or BUREAU**, if you're short and the commandant happens to be long. There is also a **TELEGRAPH** office just to the left from the pierhead.

Give María Madre a full day; more if you want to explore back in the mountains. Then move south past the middle island, swinging at least a mile to the east to avoid the ugly reef at the north end of Cleopha. Once past the reef, turn west to make your anchorage (see chart) in the narrow harbor between the two bluffs. This is perhaps the most unpromising-looking anchorage you have ever seen—surf breaking on rocks not 80 yards away on both sides; but the bottom is good, so relax.

Cleopha is a real jewel, like something out of the south Pacific. Actually, from here on down, the whole coast is remarkably like the south Pacific—just as beautiful, and in some places just as wild. In any event, Cleopha is a good place to spend a couple of days

lying on the beach, swimming, skin-diving or trolling. For a break in the diet, take a gun ashore and shoot an iguana, a ghostly-looking sort of miniature dinosaur that tastes fine in a stew—unless he happens to have an orange-tinted underside, in which case local legend says he's poisonous.

PUERTO VALLARTA

The next jump is 95 miles back to the mainland, to Puerto Vallarta. This leg, if you prefer, can be started at dawn instead of in the evening, because the anchorage of Puerto Vallarta is one of the simplest of all nautical problems. The town is at the apex of Banderas Bay, a great curving horseshoe some 20 miles deep and 15 miles across the mouth, with no trouble anywhere except at the opening, where the Marietta Islands can be very much in the way if you aren't looking out for them. Or, if you'd rather, come over slowly at night, troll for sierra mackerel, dolphin and needlefish around the islands at dawn, then head for the beach. If the wind is at all strong out of the westerly quadrant, anchor behind the sand spit at Tomatoes estuary, then sail over to town when the bay quiets down. If you anchor off the town, do it bow and stern so you don't roll with the swell.

Now look around you at the bay, at the surrounding mountains rising to 5,000 feet, covered by jungle and deeply cleft by canyons. The town is small and quiet, truly Mexican still in spite of the air service that began (CMA from Los Angeles or Mexico City) only a few years ago. There is no road of any kind into Puerto Vallarta from the outside, and no steamship service either. A small river, with giant palms on the delta, empties at the southern end of town. From there on, around four miles to the Tomatoes estuary, there is an unbroken line of beach. The town itself, white and clean-looking, spills down a steep, low hill toward the water; and the streets, when the people are not relaxing in the shade, are filled with an assortment of burros; fat, brown, naked little babies; thin, hairy pigs with long noses; local men in sandals made from truck tires; local women balancing laundry and jugs of something on their heads; and Mexican cowboys who look as though they are dressed for a cowboy Western but actually are dressed for the day's work.

To get ashore from the boat, you ride in dugout canoes, which the native men maneuver through the surf far more successfully than the average sailor can handle a dinghy (also with

continued on next page

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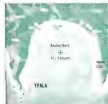
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MEXICAN WATERWAY

continued from page 52

far less damage to storms or personnel that may be in the boat. Put yourself in their hands, therefore, and head in, taking a change of clothes with you for an overnight stay at the Rosita Hotel (18 to 49 pesos), the big building just off the beach. The Rosita is as primitive as they come (bathtub is a round, galvanized washbasin, no hot water ever,



HARBOR AT YAPALA is easy to enter, good stopover between Ylapa and Chumela.

and lights only from 7 to 11 p.m. if the generator is working). Nonetheless, it has its good points, namely a small dining patio and a bunch of hammocks slung from palm trees facing the water.

A visit to the local **CAPTAIN**, name of Antonio Mel Gil, will be particularly rewarding here since he is the brother-in-law of Señor Gil, who owns the Súper Mercado, the best all-round source of groceries, fruit, vegetables, meat and general supplies in town. An alternate source is Gabriel Nudo Viveros—known as Nudo, who is the mayor, one of two customs brokers and a leading dry goods merchant and grocer. There are also a couple of **Mechanics** in town.

A good thing to load up on here is **ICE**, since the plant near the Rosita sells purified ice that can be put in drinks. All other ice, unless specifically identified as pure, should be left in the freezer. The **Meat** around the bay is quite good, and the **Meat** back in the mountains for jaguar is superb if you can brave the ticks and thorn scrub. Jorge Guilaumin at the Ocelano will provide you with bones, guide, blankets, food, gun and ammunition for the ridiculously low price of \$12 a day. One last word about Puerto Vallarta. You are now in malaria country, so if you arrive in the early fall, just after the rainy season, pick up a box of anti-malaria pills.

Ylapa

There are a half dozen lagoons around Banderas Bay, each with a cluster of native huts, a beach backed by a fresh-water lake, and a stream feeding down from the mountains. If you have time, go to all of them. If you don't have time, go to Ylapa, 18 miles from Puerto Vallarta. When you get there drop your anchor as indicated on the chart and get into one of the dugouts that will be alongside before the **swell** hits the bottom. If it is early morning, ask one of the small boys to go duck hunting with you in the lagoons. This is especially sporty if you do it with a pistol, still-baiting on the bank or stalking through the bushes at the water's edge as did the **Secrets**. **HAUNTED** reporter. If you want something, however, be conventional. Take a shotgun.

After you have worked up a good sweat in the chase, walk back through town, wave your arms at somebody and say, "Lagunas, por favor," which means, "Please get me some lobsters." If you know the Spanish word for bananas, ask for them, too. Then head back up into the mountains along the path that more or less follows the beach splitting the town. After a quarter of a mile you will suddenly come upon a jungle pool, ringed with sand and dark rocks and fed by a cascade of pure, sweet water that spills 60 feet down the face of a black rock into the pool. All around there is jungle, and overhead guacamayo birds crier from the sky above the clearing, the sun glinting yellow, blue and green on their feathers. The only thing lacking is Dorothy Lamour.

Withdrawing from this romantic moment because the water in the pool is too cold to swim in for long, go back to town and pick up your lobsters. Ride out to the boat, cook the lobsters and eat them with mayonnaise and lime juice, washing them down with rum or beer. Then take **siesta**. At dusk, wake up. Eat more lobster, drink more beer and go to sleep thinking, quite correctly, that there is nothing like this anywhere else in the world.

TENACATITA

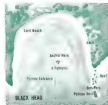
Going around the corner into the ocean from Ylapa, you have another series of choices. You can try Corrales, only 16 miles away, or go 16 miles farther to Ylapa *see chart*. Or you can bite it 38 miles in a single overhang to get to Chumela, possibly the best idea of all. Give Chumela a morning for swimming or trolling, then move on around to Tenacatita which rates as one of the

best noncivilized stops on the trip.

At the left-hand end of Tenacatita Haya salt lagoon espies out between a sand beach and a rocky point. Anchor no closer than 180 yards offshore in three fathoms on fine sand. Send a party ashore in the dinghy, bearing with them skin-diving gear, shotguns and a spinning reel. The skin diver should debarb the snags as you hit the beach. The fishermen should walk up to where the lagoon makes a sharp right-hand bend, the fathoms should take the dinghy around the bend into the back reaches of the salt lake.

After a morning of sport, regroup on the beach for a cool drink of coconut milk gleamed from the fruit-bearing palms all around.

Then meander down the beach to consider one of the great financial fiefs of our time, the Hotel Playa Los Angeles. The Los Angeles is a string of coconut-thatched rooms under a common roof and with a common veranda, conceived and built one day by Señor Rodolfo Paz Durcino, who envisioned Tenacatita as the next Acapulco. At present it is not likely to become even the one after the next. In the meantime the Los Angeles is manned only by a sleek black dog with pale brown eyes, a couple of lethargic



BLACK HEAD is 17 miles upstream of Manzanillo, helps break up run to Irapuato.

native and the plump, bright, but somewhat defeated Señor Durcino. The only remaining monuments to Señor Durcino's dreams are an aerial photograph of Tenacatita on which are marked the rising airport, the phantom town hall, the national forest and the other wonders that were to flower and grow with the hotel, and a few

wooden signs hanging around that say things like NO HUNTING, THIS IS AN URBAN ZONE, NO OBSCENE LANGUAGE, and SHOW RESPECT AND TAKE OFF YOUR HAT.

At the other end of the bay there is a far more prosperous little compound owned and operated for his own pleasure by an American whose name comes through in Spanish from an old sealer and his pretty daughter as "El Niño Rojo." Mr. Rojo dies down from time to time to occupy one of the three buildings in the cove and benefit from both the solitude and the old lady's cooking.

Abstract

The trip from Tenacatita to Manzanillo is about 34 miles. Between the two harbors there is a town called Navolato, where you can anchor off the mouth of the lagoon at the right-hand corner of the bay and row ashore to pick up things like tortillas, eggs or a few canned vegetables. And if you are low on fish, a virtual impossibility after Tenacatita, just trail around the lagoon for about half an hour.

The best thing to do at Navidad, however, is keep moving to Mazatlán, the first big town since Mazatlán and the last one before Acapulco.

When you enter Manzanillo, keep going past the main concrete bulkheads and under of the pilothouse, the insuring that you will not be disturbed by the clank of heavy (railroad) machinery that begins about 8 o'clock just behind the main dock. There is one trouble with entering at night. In this town the port captain is very sticky about overtime charges. You have to find him and pay up no matter what time it is, rather than check in when he shows up in the morning. Strictly, therefore, to enter before 8 a.m.

If there is any shopping to be done, go to the market place, a four- or five-block complex just to the right and inland from the town square. You can buy anything you need there.

For MONTAGNIE, a MARINE SHOP of a MARINE RAILWAY, ride one half mile down the waterfront road to the left, where you will find something called the rascadero, which means "shippard," and nobody knows any other name for it. The rascadero has two or three marine railways, but they can only handle power cruisers. Within half a block there are two MARINAGES named Manuel Cordera and Augustin Abasco, both with good MARINE SHOPS. Also within half a block, you will find one brand new YACHT CLUB, the only one between San Diego and Acapulco. Some of the ship facilities

are still being built, but when finished they will have a pier with two fathoms of water at the head, GAS, DUNELL, seawater, beer, liquor, PURE ICE, PURE WATER and a French-Mexican restaurant open 7 a.m. till after midnight.

Incidentally, you can take on bulk diesel fuel in Manzanillo from the Petrolera pier at the right-hand extremity of the concrete bulkhead.

In Manzanillo, the smart thing to do is leave the arrangements to a **clerico** **broder**, either Caranga Hites or Agencia Maritima del Pacifico. Therefore, turn your affairs over to one of them, first moving the boat over to the concrete bulkhead to make his loading problems easier. Then do one of two things. Either take a taxi out to the



ULTRABOND gives protection from north-
west to south-east winds, rain and snow.

Playa de Santiago, where you check into the Hotel Playa de Santiago (attractive cottages for \$6.50 to \$12 American plus) or the Hotel Santa Anita (all rooms 33 pesos with meals). Then go lie on the beach for a couple of days. Or, since you have been sailing for a good month now, try something different. Get on a bus or a rattling old steam train 50 miles inland to Colima.



and take a pack trip up the twin volcanoes of Colima. Some say you can rent a car in Manzanillo, but this is a question of finding the car and bargaining. The twin volcanoes rise from the low farmland to a height of 12,740 and 14,000 feet. Around their base the foliage thickens into jungle that is filled

with wild orchids, and the view from the top is everything you would expect from the tallest mountains within at least 100 miles.

1997-1998

The next stop after Mazamitla, if you are in a hurry, is Ixtapa, also called Ixta Grande. The distance is 180 miles, so start in the early morning, sail all day, all night and all day again. Then anchor about 120 yards off the biggest of its beaches, facing the line of palm trees along the railroad.

There will probably be a couple of matrons with disgust canoes on the beach. Go through the arm-waving bit again, saying "I'm sorry" from time to time. Also say "pardon," the latter being an evil-looking smile with wavy fingers and a deadly tip like a dragon's hand. Balled, they make excellent hoes if you're not cut them as soon as they have coated off. An old proverb is about as convincing as a traditional

Next morning, flop over the side for some skin-diving or just middle-aged swimming off the beach, stuff yourself with lobster, enjoy the sunset and leave the following day for Zihuatanejo, the last stop before Acapulco.

Now, if you were not in a hurry to come down from Mazzanilla, the best thing would have been to stop at Black Head and Bufadero (see charts), thus breaking the trip into three jumps of about 60 miles each. This is a much pleasanter way to do it.

REFERENCES

Ten miles below Ixtapa is Zihuatanejo, with probably the most pleasant reef captain along the entire route. His name, appropriately, is Jorge Gusto and he doesn't care what time of day you arrive because he considers the paperwork involved in collecting overtime definitely not worth the money. Therefore, go ashore any time within reason and send a TELEGRAM to Acapulco confirming your hotel reservations. Go to the hotel Casa Esmeralda over to the left along the beach for a shower, a meal and any DAY CROQUETTES that may be craving short. If you need BUBS OF PURE WATER, ask one of the dappet carne boys who ferried you ashore to pick it up. Eat another lobster if you can never get enough, and then leave about dusk for the final 104 miles to Acapulco.

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The trip is over. Enter Acapulco harbor through Boca Chica and keep making a gradual left until you see an out-

MEXICAN WATERWAYS

continued from page 42

sized beam-rigged building with a lot of handsome boats tethered to a pier out front. This is the Acapulco Yacht Club. If there's room, come in and tie up at the end of the pier (three full-time slots just can take on fresh water and plug into 110- and 220-volt electricity outlets. If there isn't any room, find a hole among the meetings and drop anchor.

The club extends full privileges—shower, soda fountain, bar, restaurant (three meals a day), TELEPHONE, TOWERS out and delivered, WASH, SHOWER, LAUNDRY, COOL, SWEETENERS, and CIGARETTES in drum quantities loaded at the pierhead. Next door to the club there is a MARINE HIGHWAY that can handle anything up to 160 feet, and a fair bunch of MECHANICS.

There is no time wasting time with boating chores in a place like Acapulco,

particularly if you face the mountainous problem of refueling for the trip back to San Diego. Therefore, go to Agencias Maritimas del Pacifico, the best customs broker in town, and let him handle it all. Then go to the El Mirador, the best expensive motel in town (180 to 500 pesos, American plan), or to either the Las Palmas (85, American plan and only a five-minute walk from the club) or the Riviera (\$9 to \$12 and only three minutes from the club) for pleasant budget accommodations.

Get rid of your luggage as quickly as possible and head out on the town. If you want some snappy, sub-tropical clothes to live it up in, try Peggy Pella or the Quetzalcoatl Shop (both for women) or Jaime's (for men). Water skiing is excellent in the harbor near the yacht club. If you're still feeling athletic, hire a sailfishing charterboat (\$27 to \$48) at the docks halfway between the yacht club and town. If this still isn't enough exercise, take a taxi to

Cabota Beach, then a two-pass outdoor taxi to the little island just offshore. There, go spearfishing, and ask the chef at the restaurant on the beach to cook whatever you spear.

Consider, now, the fact that you have been leading a pretty vigorous life for the past seven weeks, and sun-baths, swim or just watch (see next page) on one of the 25 beaches around town. When the sun starts to go down, move over to the La Perla cocktail patio at El Mirador, drink slowly and wait for the cliff-divers (81, Dec. 17, 1955). Then order some dinner and dance on the little patio ramshored out over the cliffs. And much later, if the party is still going on, try to get everybody to go dancing barefoot on the beach at the Kahua Club. If nobody feels like it, go home and go to bed. There will be another party somewhere the next night—and next over the mountains in Mexico City with the highest night life (7,400 feet) on the continent, and the brave bulls as well.

WHAT TO TAKE ON A MEXICAN CRUISE

FOR THE MAN

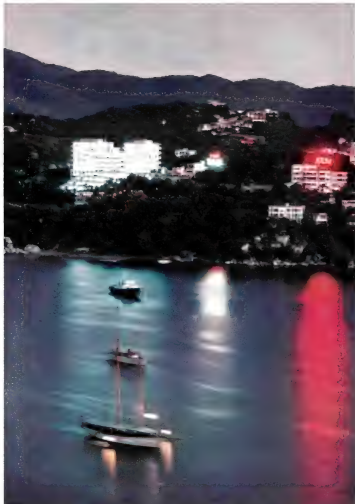
- 2 pairs Top-Siders
- 1 pair loafers
- 2 pairs wool socks
- 2 pairs short shorts
- 1 pair Bermuda shorts
- 1 pair khaki work pants
- 1 pair clean khakis
- 2 pairs undershorts
- 4 T-shirts
- 2 polo or sport shirts
- 1 light cotton sweater
- 1 heavy wool sweater
- 1 set foul-weather gear
- 2 bandannaes (drying shells, sun protection, etc.)
- 2 peaked caps
- 2 pairs Polaroid glasses
- 1 belt holder for glasses
- Extra spectacles if you wear them
- 1 pair pajamas (mostly for day wear)
- 1 nylon rope belt (for skin-diving)
- 1 cork-handled search knife
- 1 pair high-topped hiking boots
- 1 tough, long-colored shirt
- 2 pairs swim trunks
- 1 sea bag
- 1 rubber kit

FOR THE WOMAN

- 1 pair Top-Siders
- 1 pair loafers
- 1 pair sandals (no heels)
- 2 pairs light sandals
- 2 pairs short shorts
- 1 pair Bermuda shorts
- 2 pairs slacks (one cotton, one wool)
- 2 cotton skirts
- 2 cotton shirtwaists
- 3 jerseys
- 1 light sweater
- 1 medium wool sweater
- 1 sweat shirt
- 1 beach jacket
- Underskirt of choice
- 2 pairs cotton pajamas
- 3 beachies
- 1 peaked cap
- 2 pairs Polaroid glasses
- 2 sticks lipstick, if heavy
- Basic minimum jewelry, perhaps
- 2 bathing suits
- 1 bathing cap
- 1 set foul-weather gear (light and cool)
- 1 small sea bag
- 1 small vanity case

FOR THE BOAT

- Skin-diving gear for all hands
 - 2 trolling rods, 1 spinning rod
 - 2 shotguns (shot sizes 7 1/2, 5, 4, buck)
 - 1 .22 pistol or rifle
 - Beverages for drinking water
 - Sleeping bags, air mattresses for all hands
 - Lubricating oil for one engine change
 - Two week's gas for the outboard
 - Extra shackles, blocks, line, marlin
 - 1 200-yard-minimum beam light
 - 4 minimums: waterproof flashlights
 - Spare fuses, bulbs, tie beam lights
 - 1 cockpit awning
 - 14 cups—supply alcohol, cigarettes, etc.
 - Umbrella tables for heat wave
 - 2 dunnie plastic bags for pistol, rods, etc.
 - 2 mattresses
 - 1 lobster hook (size 7-8 or 9-0 fishhook locked to brown handle)
 - Supply water bottle
 - 1 small hand pump for air main
- U.S. Navy Hydrographic Office Charts: Nos. 1100, 1103, 1148, 1152, 1153, 1210, 1204, 1250, 1254, 1259, 1261, 1267, 1268, 1290, 1324, 1354, 1355, 1359, 1369, 1370, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 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THE SPORTING LOOK

And meanwhile—

DOWN ON

ACAPULCO HAS A WAY OF ITS OWN

You don't take play clothes to Acapulco—you bring them back. The varied assortment presented on these pages shows why: a distinctiveness in Acapulco clothes that derives from the hand-woven fabrics of the Indians, from the colors of the flower-bright landscape, and from *charro* silhouettes. In Acapulco, furthermore, shorts are shorter, tight pants are tighter, and even men's



STRIPED BATHING SUIT with designed waistline is worn today. It was once worn by actress of the 1940's, Bette Davis. This one was designed and made for her by Roger Bon-

CHECKED HAND-WOVEN COTTON beach coat covers up when the tide goes out, photographed at Playa de Hermosa. It is designed and made for her by Roger Bon-

THE BEACH

IN DRESSING FOR BEACH AND SUN

Monday trousers, which started out long, may be cropped at the rail. Several of the little shops that weave the fabrics and sell the clothes are operated by *campesinos* who have moved south. The *campesinos* have added U.S. styling and ideas. On these pages are examples of the Acapulco look, projected in playclothes from Peggy Dena, Polly Rodriguez, Jaimee Larson and Lila Hank.



TENT-SHAPED BEACH COAT of sewing stripes is belted over bathing suit. Gloria Mangano of Mexico City wears it in hammock at *Pic de la Quebra*, a beach north of Acapulco.

RUFFLE-SHIRTED bathing suit of handwoven cotton in brilliant plaid is running suit for Horrenda Padilla of Mexico City. Ruffled skirt combination is a special of Rodriguez.



"KOKOKITIME," a triangular shawl that slips over the head, is worn by Indian women and is modeled here by Lourdes Cardano. Many kokokimes are made; this one is cotton. From Lila Roth



WASH-LENGTH fitted shirt of hand-woven cotton and "Sunday" pants of brown-and-white stripes are worn by Jaime Manzano, who operates most popular men's shop in town

MEXICAN WEDDING SHIRT, which has already been widely copied in the U.S., is worn by Ted Sharfner of La Perla, the famous night club where boys high-dive from the rocks.



THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN IN MEXICO CITY

by HORACE BUTTON

WHETHER you approach Mexico City from sea-level Acapulco or the U.S. highlands, a few days in the capital watching the bulls, lunging over lunches that end at half past 4, being surrounded by the varadero, sitting down to dinner at 10 and living in a new chrome and glass hotel is an introduction to Ciudad Nueva. For one thing, Mexico City—which was built at 7,000 feet on a bowl's floor—is cloud-high. For another, unless you count the perilous moments in Mexican traffic, the tourist life in this eagle's nest is arranged for an idler's pleasure.

About all that one need hurry to is the corrida which commences at 4 each Sunday, but the order outside the bull ring is so vivid it is good to come early. Footballers push pinapples, fry sausage, sell suits, sunglasses, straw hats, soft seats, the day's program printed on silk and almost anything but tranquillity. After the corrida the bullfight bulls return to the Yunquehita at 45 Bellini, which has a coffee counter on one wall, a bulletin board on the other, and looks not unlike an antenna with press clippings. Since it is rather hard to determine who performed in the afternoon's allfresco abatain, a plover looking like a plumber when not dressed as a plover, it is handy to show up with a member of the local *regimiento* as guide.

This past December, when humble Mexicans were tramping in from all over the country to pay annual homage to the Virgin of Guadalupe, many of them walking the whole way and managing the last few blocks on their knees, the bullfight impresarios were no less pious. They celebrated by staging a sort of World Series of bullfighting at the refurbished Plaza El Toreo with a daily corrida from December 7 through December 12, the holy days. Thirty-six bulls were killed, and the event was so successful that it may become an annual fixture.

Among other forms of exercise peculiar to the region is *jai alai* performed by ladies, a pastime which takes place regularly at the Frontón Cebal, in the middle of town. The ladies, done up in white tennis dresses, have at the ball with specially strong tennis rackets

rather than the usual baskets but, chunky darlings that they are, belt the thing so you could hear the racket in Flatbush. To the Mexicans, for whom a whistle is a hoe, the females' Frontón is one place where a man can whistle at a girl without lifting any eyebrows.

The air is much more sedate and restful out along the far reaches of the Paseo de la Reforma, where a hasty cross-country hop takes on the grounds each Monday. Charming and trim new hotels and their *Kioskos*—restaurants ride down the center bridle path of the Paseo, an elegant avenue which leads out from a boulevard of fashionable downtown hotels and restaurants.

Loitering over a lunch in the *Foro*, located at the an-Bhigantic address of Hamburga No. 87, one has the feeling of dining with man-of-ego in the hacienda of a noble Mexican. There is a fireplace to cover the chill of an evening, a waterfall to suggest the serenity of the out-of-doors, potted plants suspended from the balcony and, unlike any place in Manhattan, there isn't a banquet in sight.

The Quid at Puebla No. 154 exudes leather and deep pile and features a parilla of cubies, or a charcoal grill which is sealed in a glass enclosure. Similarly protected but on view is a handsie garden inhabited by a troop of toucans which are equipped with bills that are red, green, yellow and perhaps

other colors depending upon how long you have been lingering on the bar stool. Equally natty, if perhaps not quite so lugubrious, is the new Belvedere, where the architect installed a water-hole in the bar, complete with floating pots and, I suspect, from time to time with floating servers.

Mexico's newest hotels have vastly increased the number of up-to-date saloons and supper clubs where one may mulligan. The new Altier, which is making its service a point of pride, has a rooftop glass box called the *Hamidella*, as well as its tony Indra Restaurant and its *El Indio* the Casino bar. I should mention that the roof is far more than cross-gazing since there can sundark with bar and food service, a putting green and, in addition, one rooftop suite comes with its own pool.

The Continental Hilton, which has just opened, has a 16-story extravaganza with 400 rooms all equipped with bath, radio, telephone and air-conditioning and many with balconies looking out to Popocatepetl, Ixtachihuatl and other attractions of awesome sight and spelling. The Belvedere is the Hilton's shabby rate with glass walls and most like the ring, *La Joya*. The Jewel, where the haute-mond of Mexico meets the haute cuisine of France on a cantilevered terrace overlooking a statue of Camilleón, host of the *Aster* process.

Just next door to the Hilton is a late snack called El Paseo, which is part of a branch of Manhattan or, at this altitude, perhaps a short pant. There is a continuous piano and a scratchy male voice to enunciates the lyrics of old Broadway shows. On the opposite hand, anyone in search of real Mexico might seek out the Torremor at Plaza de Garibaldi No. 12 off the northern extension of the Avenida San Juan de Letrán, which is a huge noisy army-align with *escarabón*. The whole sector along Letrán, which sleeps by day, comes to a high boil at night with cario shops, tortilla stands and carlines the floor of the Torremor, all open and bustling. Wandering hordes of guitar players come and go, and a sign in one shop invites men to drink from breaking glasses on the floor, in lots of

(Continued on next page)



NEW LURAY HOTEL, Continental Hilton, exemplifies the modern architectural style now fashionable in the Mexican capital.

continued from page 21

Ladies prefer to dance: there haven't.

Those in search of a late snack that will not keep a fire burning in the stomach all night will find an all-night American-style hard-and-eggy in the new Sundries of the Paseo de la Reforma. Barbers also dispense without prescription, should you have developed a state of nerves, some 50 Numbata's a day, a rate which apparently is enough to calm any Mexican but not enough to kill him.

In many other ways, Mexico is a marvelous place in which to shop. Handcraft from all over the country is gathered under one roof at the Museo Nacional de Artes e Industrias Populares. The stock, which varies from week to week, may include anything from a candle made like a yellow and green porcupine to maroonish velvet hurricane shades. Hand-blown turquoise glassware is a great bargain, and Mexico's famed silver is available both here and in a wide selection of shops along the Avenida Juarez and Madrazo.

Should an insatiable thirst come over you while in that neighborhood, a good first aid station is the Ritz Bar. Aside from the hell brands of renowned harioveria which appear in its rafters, the Ritz serves a couple famous for its mural of Nocheblanda done by Cacarrubas, which is enough of a conversation piece to make any way to Nocheblanda or, for that matter, any further shopping quite unnecessary.



A GREAT MOMENT in Perla Guadalupe's career as Matador Antonio's valiantly with bull Casabiel to die. Guadalupe was both brave and had the one of most brilliant Accomplishments Matador Lucha in Mexico.

YOU SHOULD KNOW

If you want to go to a bullfight in Mexico City

By RAFAEL DELGADO LOZANO

THE MOST distinctive sporting event in Mexico is the bullfight, and the Plaza Mexico in Mexico City—seating 50,000 persons—is the largest bull ring in the world. Each Sunday at precisely 4 p.m., from early November until late March, *corridos*—bullfights in which professional matadors participate—are held there. (In the off-season *arrieros*, young men who hope to become matadors, appear at the Plaza Mexico, also on Sunday.) Occasionally fights are held in the 32,000-seat Plaza El Torero, just outside the federal district, but there is no fixed schedule.

How to get tickets

The Sunday program is announced in newspaper advertisements on the preceding Thursday. Designate the hotel clerk or guide who assures you that "the fight is a complete sellout but because of my good connections I was able to get hold of these seats!"—and then offers them at 10 times the box office price. The fight is sold out and out before Sunday. Go to the box office at Avenida 24 and 10 blocks south of the original barometer, down the Avenida San Juan de Estrada. At the window labeled *Señales* (Señales—numbered seats in two shops) ask for a program (ticket sellers speak English); study the seating map and indicate the location you want. Pay the exact list price of the ticket. Be sure to keep the program. There are no announcements, in Spanish or English, at a *corrido*—only bugle calls to signal the various stages. If you delay until Sunday and find the fight really sold out, you can take a chance with a scalper outside the Plaza. Choose one who is standing near a policeman. Pay just 20% above list price; if the scalper objects, walk toward the policeman. The argument will end abruptly.

What to do to keep

The bull ring is divided into two main sections, and a *corrida*, sun and shade. Don't buy seats in the sun; these are akin to blood-red water in Brooklyn, and you are likely to be doused with beer or sprinkled with red, black and blue powder tossed by the uninhibited

local aficionados. The first seven rows of shady *terrace* (upper) seats cost around \$5 to \$6 but usually are sold out for the season. The next two rows, known as first *terrace*, are the best bet and can be had at box office for around \$3. The second *terrace* (next 23 rows) is priced at about \$2 but still gives an excellent view because of the Plaza's steep pitch.

The day of the fight

Plan to arrive at the Plaza by 3:30; as everyone knows, the bullfight starts on time. The Plaza is located about 20 minutes south of the downtown area, just off the Avenida de Los Insurgentes. If you have your own car, there is ample parking space. Cab fare will be 6 to 9 pesos. Your ticket has a tunnel number for direct access to your seat. En route, buy a cushion (50 centavos, or about a nickel); if an usher directs you, tip him 2 pesos (10¢).

Once seated, you will become aware that the spectacle is already before your eyes. The great bull (bullfight) (bullfight) of sturdy dressed *arrieros* are in evidence; high above you the band is playing the stumpy *pasodoble* (pasodoble) after another. The crowd is gay, but if this is your first bullfight you may feel apprehensive. Remind yourself that to the Spanish world a bullfight is not a fight between a man and a bull in which one emerges the winner but rather a test of man's courage and grace against the raw heave of a wild beast. Face the fact that you are going to see a good deal of blood. The *picador's* lance does not cause the bull great pain, but it makes him bleed heavily. Do not be surprised if, when the time comes for the bull—the bull does not die instantly. Forget what you have heard about the agony of the horse; these days they are almost never gored, thanks to elaborate suits of padding (right). Finally, don't be cowed (or lulled) by the technical details which clutter up most of the pocket guides to the *corridos*. To be able to identify all the games or to locate the "terrain of the bull" one must see 100 bullfights; there will be time enough for the five points when and in the *corridos* has touched off an emotional spark and made you want to come again.

The prelude and the start

On the dot of 4 a huge sound. As the band plays *Chickadee*, the traditional music that opens most bull-fights in Mexico, a municipal official dressed in 18th-century costume brings a parade of participants across the ring from the "gate of honor" to the "ajige" box. The three matadors, each of whom will be expected to kill two bulls, follow the lieutenant. As they approach, the senior matador will be on gear right, the next in seniority on your left, and the youngest in the middle. All are dressed in the silk and gold fringed *traje de luces*, or "suit of lights." Each is followed by his *cuadrilla*, a group of helpers that includes the *banderilleros* and the picadors, the latter on padded, blindfolded horses. Treading the procession are the *cofrades*—specially dressed men who assist the picadors and keep the ring cleaned up.

The fight itself

As the parade breaks up, the picadors with horses and the matadors and their *cuadrillas* enter the alley between the two concentric metal-barred rings that enclose the ring. From your vantage seat you will see the first matador take his place below you in the *banderero* de *cuadrera*, a shielded slot in the ring wall big enough for a man to squeeze through but too small for a bull. Across the ring, to the left of the gate of honor, is the *puerto de la muerte*, the "gate of death," from whence the bull will emerge. To the left and right of the *banderero* de *cuadrera* are other *bandereros*, in which the helpers wait, holding large red and yellow fighting capes.

A second huge call sounds, the gate swings wide, and into the arena comes the bull. Remember, this is no ordinary bull but an animal raised wild on a green ranch, at least 4 years old and weighing 900 pounds or more, bred of fighting stock, armed with the instinct to kill anything in his path. The helpers are the first to challenge him. They lure him back and forth across the ring with their capes. The matador, still secure in his *banderero*, watches intently, studying the bull to see if he looks to the right or to the left, high or low.

After a few minutes the helpers retire, and the matador steps out. As the bull charges, the matador makes the animal pass him with the cape. This is the *cuadrera*, the basic cape pass. The matador may make as many *cuadreras* as he likes.

Next the signal is given for the picadors to come out. The picadors' mission

is to tire the bull by inviting a number of charges against the horses' padded sides and to bleed and stun the animal by placing their lances in his great tosing muscle. Sometimes they overdo it, but without the pass the matador would be unable, later on, to perform the beautiful passes that dignify the *corrida*, into the ring with the picadors comes the entire *cuadrilla*, each with his cape. Each in turn will come to the aid of the horse (*triole*), saving the bull away and performing a variety of passes.

Again the huge—this time for *bandereros*, the two or three ornamental darts which are placed in the bull's shoulders and serve to arouse his fighting fury. Once three pairs of the darts have been placed the *banderilleros* for the third and climactic part of the *corrida*.

The matador, carrying the sword and the small, red muleta in his left hand, begins his *faena*, which is the elaborate ritual of passes designed to arouse in his own dominance over the animal. The matador may use several kinds of passes (81 Jan. 17, 1966), linking them together so that the bull moves back and forth as though mesmerized, each charge bringing the dangerous horns within inches—or less—of the matador's exposed legs. In the heat the matador must keep his feet "planted down" as the bull charges in to hug to near the center or *caja* from the left.

If the bull is brave and the matador skillful and graceful, you may very well discover in the horse the magic that our sometimes-misguided line fans' imagination.

At the conclusion of the *faena* comes the moment of truth—the moment when the matador concludes that he has truly dominated the animal and can now make the kill. Holding the sword in his right hand, he profiles himself to the bull, aims carefully and swings the muleta downward with his left hand, at the same time running in over the horns to make the thrust. Should the bull fail to follow the muleta and instead look toward the matador, the matador may die many times. But if the kill is clean and the *faena* was an artistic triumph, the matador may win both ears and the tail.

A cautionary note

Identically, the fight here described will be repeated five more times in the course of the afternoon's *corrida*. All bulls, however, are not brave, and neither are all bullfighters. The aficionado feels rewarded if there is one good—let alone truly great—fight on a single program. (C.M.R.)

HOW HORSES ARE PROTECTED



BULLETPROOF: Bull's head and neck are protected by a cage made of 1/2-inch steel bars, which are bolted to the horse's head.



Bay the knee in full before blindfolded matador leads warrior to picadors' box. Picadors will then bleed the bull's tosing muscle.



In fight, two capes are passed with muleta, which is barely held. Man on horse at right is *banderero* of *cuadrera*.



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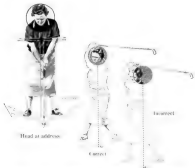


Especially for
 high-scoring players

from PATTY BERG, 30, *Ladies' World*

A really destructive error which most poor golfers find so easy to fall into and so hard to escape from is swaying. Going back, they let their bodies lurch sideways to the right like a birch tree swaying in a high wind—then, instead of pivoting the hips and coiling the body, coming into the ball, same thing. They sag forward instead of correctly uncoiling the body. Of course, if you sway back, you're bound to sway forward. This being the case, the commonsensical thing to do is to find out what prevents a golfer from swaying back.

There are two major things that anchor the swing: the feet and the head. About the feet, first. If you set yourself up with a firm and balanced stance and then make sure that on the backswing the right leg doesn't sag to the right, then your right hip will have a pivot to turn on, and this gives your body a chance to coil properly. The other thing is to keep your head still. When you move your head to the right—as so many golfers do on the backswing—you move the whole upper trunk of the body along with it. Now, when you anchor your head over the ball, this discourages your body from swaying; on the backswing, your head is bound to move slightly, very slightly, as your shoulders turn away from the ball, but this is vastly different from allowing it to bob all over the place like a woman trying to spot a friend at the theater.



NEXT WEEK: JACK HURKE JR. ON GAUGING LONG PUTTS

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR



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ton (netted for 10000).
4 - circa water 11

water dirty or oily, M - water muddy, N - water
at normal height, 556 - slightly high, 16 high,
VH - very high, L - low, K - wrong, F - falling
W 720 - water temperature 50, FG - falling good,
FF - falling too, FF - falling poor, OVG - outlook
very good, OG - outlook good, OF - outlook fair,
OP - outlook poor

[illegible]

19400. Small, higher, dry, reworked at mouth of middle fork of Salmon as angels from all over state mixed in. Hot spots evidently near Shoshone Park, Orange and deep holes upstream. R. PG. on a few Salmon near French Creek, and gravel bars downstream. 19401.

[illegible]

MONOFISH: *Monodon*: Upper West coast. Calvin Albright reports former President Herbert Hoover caught 17 in five days. Hoover's first 14 hours were one morning when he boated seven on shrimp. Largest was 29½ pounds. **ALAC.**

Notes: Sunny days and rain were predicted with 80% on all days.

BLACK BALS: Louisiana. Little strings being caught in Minnesota, Missouri and Chassahouiss. These ponds about Hattiesburg, 50 miles west of New Orleans, not that old hunters have put up their guns. Several dead were put into the fishing in northern and central areas, but hunters' operative says Black Lake near Camp might provide action once weather moderates.

[illegible]

California.—FVGI—in Sacramento from Battle Creek to Keweenaw Dike. Flugs and spinners found here and there, living in half chambers.

STRIPED BASS: — **GLIMMER:** Cold tailed to much hunger of big stripes, which are biting in all parts of delta. For fourth week in row, fish of better than 40 pounds being taken on one of Frank's Tract, including season's nightst, a 47-pounder by Dick Sunabian of Fresno, 1911.

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[illegible]

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PIGSKIN AT PENN: A REAL-LIFE DRAMA

by JOEL SAYRE

Wherein is told, for the first time, the full story of three agonizing football years at the University of Pennsylvania, how they came to be, and their happy ending

IN THE WORLD of the theater, Philadelphia is a great place for out-of-town tryouts, and recently a triumphant curtain was rung down there on a real-life morality play. The root idea of this stirring drama was Ivy League football—to be or not to be? Its setting was the University of Pennsylvania. The action spanned nine seasons and its plot had everything: long stretches of stark realism and despair, laughter, tears, skullduggery, low comedy, a rescue in the nick of time, the victory of right and justice. There were heroes and sub-heroes, villains adult and adolescent, mob scenes onstage and offstage, a man of mystery who was never identified, and even a kind of *deus ex machina*. In the shape of Dr. Gaylord F. Harnwell, the university's president, who brought about the documentary.

The complete plot of this morality play, *Pigskin at Penn*, is herewith recounted for the first time. Like morality itself, the action is often involved and confused. It wasn't until after the last football season ended that the audience, with exit music still ringing in its ears, could take stock of the message, which came on the eve of the ten year.

The protagonist of our drama was Steve Sebo, who signed a three-year contract to coach football at Penn in 1954. Some coaches are cold whipcracks, as tough and impersonal toward their players as big league baseball managers are toward their own. Sebo isn't that type at all. Born in Pousady, Mich. in 1911 of Hungarian parents, he is a small-town Midwesterner, friendly and sensitive, a compact man of medium height, with blue eyes, high cheekbones, fresh complexion and thinning red hair. Maybe if Sebo had been the cold, tough type of coach, he might have fared better during his fearful ordeal. There is no kid-

dling about how fearful the ordeal was: starting with his opener at Penn, a 52-0 shellacking from Duke, his teams lost 19 games in a row. During his first two seasons (6-18-55), Philadelphia, where the University of Pennsylvania is situated, is general behaved pretty well. Last season, however, when Penn had won four games and tied for third in the Ivy League, Philadelphia really let him have it—the alumni, his players, the press, both undergraduate and graduate—just about everybody. In giving it to him they used Louisville Stuggers shed with lead. If it hadn't been for Dr. Harnwell—but we'd better start the plot from the beginning.

As the curtain rises on our morality play, it is 1948. The University of Pennsylvania has installed a new president—big, blond, balding Harold Edward Stassen, who had three been

governor of Minnesota—the Boy Governor, they called him; and had served on Admiral Ball Halsey's staff in the Pacific.

At this time, the Ivy League had not yet been formed, but it was in the process of fruition. Five years before Stassen uttered prayerful, the presidents of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Dartmouth, Brown, Columbia and Pennsylvania had begun holding annual meetings to discuss football in their group and how to handle it. The eight presidents were groping for an Ivy League formula, and had already drawn up some regulations for the group. One of these was against scheduling games more than two years in advance of the current calendar year.

Since the mid-1920s Penn's success in playing other Ives had been phenomenal. During the decade before



THE JOY OF VICTORY: Doctors take to Sebo's job and all players when they beat Dartmouth last season for first win in three years. Some players wept with happiness.

Stassen arrived in Philadelphia, Penn.'s coach, George Minger, had run up a record against them of 15 wins, 10 ties, and two-and-a-half losses. As Lew Hoad, the executive sports editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and a very astute football critic wrote: "For at least a generation, Penn has, by and large, been more eager to play the Bostonians than to meet its nearest Penn. . . . Their feeling was that Penn was too much in the big-time class—that it had more scholarships to give football players, that its administrative and academic standards were perhaps not quite so high." It had probably been a mistake for the Minger-coached teams to beat Yale, MIT, Brown, Cornell and Dartmouth sports schools; that had taken care of it in a row.

In 1948 and 1949, two big seasons that Stassen presided over, Minger beat Dartmouth, Princeton and Columbia, but lost to Cornell both years. Penn's football attendance took a dive in 1949 from the 70,000-a-game average that had been the norm for an average of 50,000. Stassen was faced with other financial worries in the athletic department: a mortgage on Franklin Field and the Palestra when Japan Penn took them that with interest and other advantage charges amounting to around \$1,000,000. It was a financial deficit of about \$200,000 from a dozen non-self-sustaining sports which football and basketball professionals I have been to meet. Quite a few Philadelphia eyes have had their fill of the appointment of Stassen, a man whose career had been devoted to politics, not educational affairs. But, like nearly all privately endowed institutions, Penn was having money troubles after the war, and two university authorities wanted a crack money-raiser in the president's chair. Nobody ever decided that Stassen was good at raising money.

During Stassen's first year of so at Penn, he was fond of saying, "I don't know anything about football; I come from Minnesota." If the reader is too young to remember what Minnesota football was like during Stassen's time in the Gopher State, that was a joke, son. In the 10 years, from 1912 through 1921, before Coach Robert Heman joined the Marine Corps, Minnesota led the Big Ten six times and won four national championships. Like Notre Dame, its teams drew capacity crowds whenever they played. With the triumph of the slim water-ski-like Gophers (rising in hegemony, with a huge mortgage to lift and Franklin



THE SHAME OF PENN. was the average of 50,000 attending its home games in the 1940s. Stassen's effort at raising money and his success in raising it by means of a mortgage on the new stadium.

Field to fill on autumn Saturdays, it was the most natural thing in the world for Stassen to put Penn into Big Football, the biggest football there was.

He had lost White House support and in the summer of 1948, but had failed to obtain the Republican nomination. There are stories in Philadelphia who will tell you that Stassen wanted to use Penn football to become better known nationally and thereby build himself up politically. By scheduling Notre Dame, the way, Stassen copied himself on the Catholic vote, by paying Texas he would claim to be a national figure; and there, other universities' local games with institutions in key territories would help local politicians and voters remember him kindly when the time came. All this is no doubt overemphatic of the cynics; but the record does show that many strange things took place. For instance, the game with Harvard and/or Columbia.

In December 1949, Stassen was on a speaking trip in New England and became enraged at a remark attributed in the Boston press to Bill Bingham, Harvard's director of athletics, who

had given a post-season interview on his team's lack of success. Stassen construed the remark as a dirty crack at Penn's coaching, recruiting methods and, forth a blast, Harvard's president, James H. Thompson, was on his feet, saying to the task of ending Stassen's career. Bingham is a Boston, known that Bill Bingham isn't as good a public speaker as Sir Winston Churchill, and Bingham it would probably be premature to interpret his remark—if, indeed, he wasn't interpreted as university policy. After more mobilization, between coaches, said, "All right, then, to make that whole thing, how about playing us on your schedule a date?" Harvard had its player Penn since 1912. Bingham suggested an exchange of letters about it through channels.

Stassen returned to Philadelphia, however, and found that Bingham included a Penn-Harvard fixture. Penn's athletic director, H. Jamieson Swarth, an outstanding type of sportsman, interested in intercollegiate athletics all over the country, wanted to see Penn

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PICKIN' AT PENN

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writings. Besides, he told Stassen, on that specified date Penn was already scheduled to play Columbia. Stassen ordered the Columbia game canceled. Heavily embarrassed, Penn consulted the Columbia athletic director, Ralph Furey, and explained the situation, suggesting a meeting at the summit between Stassen and the president of Columbia, a former football player named D. D. Eisenhower. "We don't need any generals to protect us," Furey said, among other things. "Consider the game canceled." But when Harvard was applied to, it was sorry; but it already had a game scheduled for that Saturday. Meanwhile the news of the Columbia cancellation had leaked to the Penn alumni in New York, and it made their furrows, because they were all very fond of Lou Little, a Penn alumnae whose Columbia teams also suspended their last season Penn to press. Pete Swartz had to go back to Columbia and plead for a rescheduling. Columbia consented to it, but when the other five heard the story, there was a good deal of angry muttering in the hallowed halls.

A SPEECH made to Stassen in Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel in August 1951 attracted the other five and inspired their cause. The occasion was the installation of Stassen's new athletic director, Francis T. Murray, who had been given a five-year contract at about \$20,000 a year. (Swartz' annual salary had been about \$5,500. Francis Murray had starred on the backfield of Penn's "Dueling Tens" of 1934-35-36 and had been an All-American basketball player. After graduation he played with the Eagles, then became a sports broadcaster and promoted the athletic contests which the Philadelphia Jaycoys staged for charity. He was good looking, personable, aged 35, and the sort of a sportsman full of firecrackers. Francis Murray was not what Dr. Stassen wanted.)

In describing to his audience the rocky athletic future envisioned for Penn, Stassen explained several times how it could be legitimately arrived at under the code of the National Collegiate Athletic Association: "Moving with opportunity and resourcefulness under the NCAA code, we can have great teams at Penn in football and other sports. . . . We are going to take full advantage of the [NCAA] code in order to bring top athletes to Penn. . . ." At one point he seemed to imply that

Penn would observe the letter of the rules but not be so particular about their spirit: "We can live up to the code without bending over backwards to follow it. . . . We shall do all we can, while living up to the provisions of the NCAA and Ivy group codes, to produce winning teams against first-class opposition."

These were some of the phantoms, planks in the policy which Stassen and somewhat chastened Victory with Horor, a phrase that was to haunt Penn football in the years to come. Perhaps, politicians, Stassen was trying to make everybody happy, but if he wasn't, he seems to have been amazingly unaware of what his Ivy fellow presidents had been thinking and doing about football the past half-dozen years. They disapproved of the NCAA code, which permitted the granting ofathletes scholarships, scheduling games five years in advance, spring practices and other things which were condoned, in their eyes, to football abuses, and they were organizing against it. Their inclinations, and, later, their actions were aimed at football de-emphasis. In their minds the NCAA and Ivy group codes had fundamentally opposed objectives; it would be impossible for a college to live up to the Ivy League code and still to use all the freedom allowed by the NCAA to the disadvantage of teams against first-class opposition. When the Ivy presidents learned not long after Stassen's speech that Penn would play Notre Dame in 1952, they thought they had a pretty good reason as to what code Penn would live under.

Four Ivies, telling their mutual commitments with Penn that fall (and in 1948 and 1952), far less than two months after the 1950 summer ended, Joe Williams, the sports editor of the New York World Telegram & Sun, scored a notable news beat when he published the announcement that six Ivies (1950's version) "the ivy league" Francis Murray had a free hand in making their would-be first-round Cornell, whom would meet Penn, as usual on Thanksgiving. "The members of their own they preferred not to play us," Murray stated later. "I would not say Penn was a shockingly scheduled team, but some of them were, some we had been carrying on continuous civil-war against. Cornell was interested."

This statement of Murray's, true, even, came more than two years after the Joe Williams news beat. He made it to add the kind of schedule he finally came up with. Penn's complete 1952 schedule was complete in the spring of

1951, but kept separate for 18 months. It took another news beat, about a year and a half after Joe Williams', before anybody could find out who Penn was playing in 1952 besides Cornell and Notre Dame. This second beat was scored by Ed Pollock, sports editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, when in June 1952 he obtained a list of Penn's opponents and published it in his column. (The Notre Dame game on September 16 got more schedule; it was to be played by the public by grant-in-aid ticket sales, and Ed had got an advance report.) An extra fillip was



RETHINK: GEORGE Mungger had intended to run in the first season.

added to Ed's beat: on telephoning George Munger from a statement, he discovered that among Penn's scheduled opponents were two of the Penn legends each. Not only had Munger not been consulted during the making of the schedule, he had been kept in the dark about it for 18 months, and Ed Pollock turned out the light.

It was quite a schedule that Munger had been added to, besides Notre Dame and Cornell. Penn would play Vanderbilt, a power in the South, Penn State, California, Ohio State, Navy, Michigan and Army. As 1950's opposition wasn't breaking through, the Ivy presidents, Stassen included, had waited February 1952 to buy spring practice. Under the NCAA code spring practice was permitted, and that was the rule that all of George Mungger's 1952 opponents, Cornell accepted, accepted.

Without benefit of spring practice, Munger had nonetheless passed a remarkable test in 1952, and Penn played a 7-7 tie with Notre Dame, which that

year achieved the rating of third best in the whole country. Murrer's boys even succeeded in winning the mythical Ivy League championship that season and cut Princeton's 24-victory season.

Penn didn't see a great deal of its president that election year; he had a lot of politicking to do, for he had again sought the Republican nomination. Stassen once more failed to obtain it, but by throwing the votes of his Minnesota delegation to him, he broke the Taft-Eisenhower deadlock at the convention. After the election,



AMBITIOUS PRIZE: Harold E. Stassen posed with co-gripsy, Dr. G. W. McClelland.

President Eisenhower appointed him director of the Mutual Security Administration. Since going to Washington, Stassen has not attracted much national attention, save for his attempt last year to run the deep reform, which was scuttlingly assailed by Lindebacher Nixon.

Nineteen-fifty-three was the Year of the Witches for Penn football. Shortly after the nation's coaches had voted overwhelmingly to retain the two-platoon system, the Rules Committee abolished it. Penn had that suicidal, tumbling, top-heavy schedule to shatter the fall, and all of its opponents except Cornell would have the advantage of spring practice to exert to super-physiology. On behalf of the Penn spirit, the captaincy and the student manager in March wrote a letter to 58 of the university's trustees and prominent alumni. The letter charged that the schedule had not been "well chosen," was against "teams to which we are vastly inferior in conditioning and technical organization," and

pleaded for permission to hold spring practice to prepare for it. The story of the letter was broken by the undergraduate *Phila. Pennsylvanian* and seized upon by the *Philadelphia press*. Franny Murray and William H. DuBarry, who had been the university's acting president since Stassen's departure, took notice of it by giving what they called "a harmony dinner" for the squad and coaching staff.

In seasons, sportsmaster Jackson, Murray read a six-page speech. "Your petition was intemperate," he told the players. "It left the impression that you're afraid of the 1953 schedule. We're here to help you, to try to get you off the hook in the impression you made on the general public." In the 16 years that Murrer had now been head coach, nobody had ever said or written a word against any of his players without setting him ablaze. When Murray sat down, Murrer sprang to his feet. "That was an unfair and unjust attack on a fine bunch of college athletes," he said. "The boys' courage shouldn't be questioned. 'Off the hook' could be applied more to our athletic authorities."

What was said at this harmony dinner was supposed to remain within the four walls, but a few days later a man who gave the name of "Jim Brown" phoned the *Philadelphia offices* of the Associated Press and the United Press and told them that copies of Murray's speech could be obtained at the reception desk of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. This turned out to be true, and the turmoil that followed shook the firmament over Pennsylvania. Somebody had run off a hundred copies of the speech on the mimeograph in Murray's office. Nobody ever found who did it or learned who "Jim Brown" was. Murray was fired in May; the remainder of his five-year contract was bought up. A week later Murrer resigned, but then reconsidered and agreed to coach through the suicide schedule to give Penn time to regroup for the future. Nineteen-fifty-three was his first losing season in 16 years. Stassen's retirement has been a matter of regional education, whereas DeMott's a source of put courses for football players but concerns itself chiefly with intramural sports. In his epitaph for Varsity with Honor, Joe Williams wrote: "At no time was Murray less guilty of more than carrying messages for the bus. . . . As an educator Stassen will be remembered as the midwestern bull who wrecked Penn's football club shop and brought humiliation to two old campus heroes."

Professor Gaylord Harwell, chair-

man of the physics department, succeeded Stassen as president of the university. A scientist of eminence, ruggedly built, handsome, poised, independently wealthy, he turned out to be an excellent administrator. He was one of the eight who signed the Ivy Group Presidents' Agreement of 1954, of which Article II reads: "The Group reaffirms the principle that in each institution the academic authorities should control athletics." Franny Murray, who had managed to get himself in trouble with both the Ivy League and the NCAA by campaigning for unrestricted televising of college football, was replaced as athletic director by Jeremiah Ford II. Besides playing football at Penn in the early 1930s, Ford had got straight A's in English and in his senior year had received the award for "that member of the class who most closely approaches the ideal Pennsylvania athlete." When summoned back to his university, he was in the Navy after having coached football and taught English at St. George's School, Newport, R.I.

THE intercollegiate sports philosophy of Harwell and Ford was completely opposite to what it had been under Stassen and Murray. But the dead hand of Varsity with Honor still had a grip on Penn football: thanks to the big dreams of the previous administration, Notre Dame and Army had to be played twice and Duke once. Neither the 1954 nor the 1955 schedules were as lethal as the one Murrer had had to play in 1953, but they both needed a powerhouse team to cope with them credibly, and Penn by now had simply run out of power. Its available material was shallow and mostly inexperienced. Norrager had coach it his senses would have staked his reputation on the job. George Murrer had left open; it was a rash undertaking even for an aspirant.

There are dangers in, though, in every calling. Steve Sebo, then basketball coach at Michigan State, that year's Blue Book runner over UCLA, signed up for the job. Sebo had helped to develop MSU's multiple offense, but his own prize development was its celebrated post, backfield. Lefty Bollen, Evan Stone, Tom Yessie and Billy Wells now with the Redskins — which brought sarcasm to UCLA coach Red Kautsky.

Sebo has since, and been somewhat well-served in his very best that it virtually gives him physical pain to see it when it is back to work in

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why so many casual spectators taken of him during games at Franklin Field make him look as though he were having an arduous backstroke.

Aldete Director Jerry Ford had named Seba just in the Ivy group, with athletic scholarships barred and tougher academic standards imposed, he could never be sure the material he would find available. As a pigskin pariah was still taboo, Seba didn't even meet his 1954 players until they turned up that September at the training camp.

Seba had about 200 multiples of one plays in his repertoire; the squeak at the training camp had been taken in Manger's single wing. There were just 21 days to get them ready for Duke. It wasn't enough days. Duke started Seba off in his headcoaching corner with that 52-0 wallpaper, and the 14-game losing streak commenced. During the whole of that wholly miserable experience, Steve Seba, now once whitened, moaned, complained of his fate or tried to alibi, but he never mounted the stump to say, "How can I win with such material?"

Every Saturday during the 14-game losing streak, the weekendfolk of the Penn coaches and players gathered in a group outside the training house to wait for their loved ones. These ladies got to be well acquainted with each other and would pass the time conversing over cornucopias, always carefully avoiding the mention of football in general and that afternoon's misery in particular. ("We're so worried about our canary. He won't touch his feedstuffs.") Then, sometime after football tragedy in the deceased's family at a wake, trying to think of something else to say that would at least not contribute to the common gloom.

But the sun finally did come out for the coaches and players' wives, their husbands, Steve Seba and Penn. The bulk of Penn's capital last year was made up of sophomores from the first group of football talent that Seba had been able to recruit; mostly there was power among them, but they lacked experienced leaders. In the season opener Penn State's new eleven, sewed team taken Penn's green sophomores out of their top pads and won 24-0 without getting up a sweat. A few days later a deputation of editors from the undermainline *Academy Press* advised editor-in-chief Ford and told him they were going to start a quarterly, named Seba. In 1957 the JAP had

colored Seba and sympathized with his problems. Ford persuaded the editors to hold their thunder at least until after the Dartmouth game the following Saturday.

Dartmouth was a seven-point favorite, and halfway through the first quarter it had seven points. "Well, here we go again," the Penn boosters in the stands said to each other. The Dartmouth coach, Bob Blackburn, must have been of the same mind for he resumed his varsity and put in reserves and team. A few minutes later, one of Seba's big sophomores, a back named John Wright, took the ball and ran 54 yards to the Dartmouth 26. Senior Neil Hyland, the right half, made the touchdown. Senior Dick Schuler, the left end and the team's best passer, caught one for Penn's second touchdown, and at the end of the half Penn led 14-7. Senior Charley Gill, the co-captain and right end, worked about the smiling he saw in the dressing room, the first between-halves smiles in any Penn player's memory. "Don't smile now," he kept saying, "let's smile after the game." Senior Joe Callahan's good punting helped keep Dartmouth in its own terrain during most of the next period, and when

it ended, Neil Hyland looked at the scoreboard and said, choking, "Never in my life have we been leading at the end of the third quarter."

Meanwhile, in dormitories and fraternities, houses and eating pavilions the campus students were gathered around TV and radio sets while the Yankees were taking the third game of the World Series. Whitey Ford had just made a bum out of Roger Craig when suddenly a strange and intoxicating cry rang out: "Boyd! Boyd's winning!" There was a rush from all campus points to Franklin Field. Dartmouth had the ball and was moving it dangerously forward, but then Frank Riepl, a junior Phi Beta Kappa and Penn's best back (who should be terrific this year), intercepted a pass and ran it deep into Dartmouth territory, sewing up the game. Penn's victory-maddened mothers started off with straight elbows, two down being good signs minute before the final gun went off. The training Penn players, some of them sweeping, jerked up Seba and John Wright and ran them around the field, while campus chairs played Glass, Glass, Hallelujah! The United Press chose "Strike-out: Steve Seba" as Coach of the Week. The Daily Penn-



UNUSUAL HIGHLIGHTS of Penn's agony were upper-promotions coach's (front row, left) and lower-promotions coach's (back row, right) during the 1957 season. (left) Steve Seba, (right) Dick Schuler, (center) Joe Callahan, who played two years, a halfback.

And a center: Jack McCarthy, a quarterback; John Woodland (left, next to a guard); Charley Gill, an end and co-captain this year; Dick Schuler, an end; and Joe Callahan, who played two years, a halfback.

sophomores continued to withhold its thunder.

Penn lost every alternate Saturday last season and was on the Saturdays in between, also beating Brown, Harvard and Columbia. It played its worst games against the best teams it met, as teams determined by inexperienced sophomores often do. It was, however, a seven-point favorite to beat Cornell on Thanksgiving; the Big Red hadn't won a game the entire season, and had been beaten by all four of the Ivies that Penn had beaten. But the Penn squad last year had minimum team spirit (no I-sorry-back-tell, especially Art Holland and Irv Robinson, had speed to burn, so they burnt Penn, which was flat that day, 30-7.

Ironically, had the Cornell game been won, Penn would have tied for second place in the Ivy League, because two days later a hot Dartmouth team gave Princeton a thrashing. Certainly Penn was not one of the two second-best teams in the Ivy League (it was sixth on defense, next to last on offense); but beating Cornell would have taken the heat off Sebo, Penn lost, however, and the *Daily Pennsylvanian* just couldn't stand it any more.

PENNSYLVANIA undergraduates newspapers in the past have attacked losing football coaches. But what happened at Penn seems unprecedented in the annals of football. President Harwell had announced that on Dec. 6 he would give his decision on whether or not Sebo would have a coaching future at Penn. On Nov. 26, four days after the Cornell game, the *Daily Pennsylvanian* sent a one-question questionnaire to the team's junior and sophomore letter-winners: "Do you think Steve Sebo's contract should be renewed?" Questioners were requested to return their answers unsigned to the sports editor.

Early in the evening of Nov. 29 Sebo was hanging in effigy on the Ivies campus near Interiors row; a placard on the effigy read: "Heave Steve." The kind of stuff that goes on in coe and semi-coe institutions, it made outsiders wonder if Penn was really in the Ivy League after all, and it hurt Sebo's feelings deeply. But investigation by authorities revealed that it was by no means a popular measure: only nine freshmen attended the hanging, and no crowd gathered. After an hour, cops cut the effigy down. Curiously, however, somebody had tipped off the Philadelphia press, whose reporters and photographers covered the story on the bulletin.

The next day there was a secret meeting of the junior and sophomore lettermen. The team's co-captain-elect had not considered the D.P.'s one-question questionnaire the proper way to poll player sentiment and asked the players not to answer it. A number of them did, though, and, according to the D.P., Sebo got only two votes out of 22. The co-captain-elect, David Peter Kishel and Red Dorso Weisbaum, had meant to promote harmony; but, with the pictures of the effigy-hanging revolving in the players' minds, and one thing and another, the meeting somehow got out of hand and, again according to the D.P., the anti-Sebo vote was unanimous this time and a list of 11 reasons why was drawn up. Sample reasons: "Sebo lacks knowledge of individual talent on the team. . . . Players feel that they have been subjected to insincerity and false statements from the coaches in an effort to influence their thinking." The election returns and the 11-plash anti-Sebo platform were solemnly given to Athletic Director Ford to give to President Harwell.

The results of the D.P.'s "secret" bulletin were leaked by somebody. Jim Brown? to the downtown newspapers. Permission to run an editorial on the ballot's results was denied the *Daily Pennsylvanian* by the university authorities. So the D.P. next day simply said: "On Football. We firmly believe, and you'll probably agree, that due to the fallout, the atomic bomb is an unwise weapon to use against such a small object." Presumably the small object was Sebo, and the fall-out a metaphor for the horrendous side effects which the D.P.'s atomic-caliber editorial would have had, had it been printed.

But the D.P. could have confidence in its arrogance. The great American pastime of coach-lynching is by no means confined to the young. By this time the adult anti-Seboites in Philadelphia had blown up such a storm that Sebo's friends would have been pleased to see him get a one-year contract, and Dr. Harwell postponed announcing his decision until he had weighed the evidence from all factions.

He announced it on the evening of Dec. 17. First he assembled the players who had voted against Sebo and told them in a closed meeting what it was; then he made it public. Sebo was to be given another three-year contract. "May I also publicly thank Mr. Sebo," the president added, "for his example of maturity, stability and perseverance

during a period of Pennsylvania football when the satisfactions were few and the disappointments many." Queried about the players' plebiscite, he replied with dignified disdain: "We don't ask our students what they think of their instructors."

What did Dr. Harwell's decision mean? It meant that the University of Pennsylvania had steadfastly lived up to Article II of the Ivy Group Agreement of 1934: "In each institution the academic authorities should control athletics." It meant that the university authorities had not allowed themselves to be influenced by the alumni, or the campus newspaper, or the effigy-hangers, or the athletes, or the local press. It meant that Penn had also abided by the agreement's Article III, which requires that undue strain upon coaches be eliminated. The Ivy Group Agreement was made because for the past several years there have been major strikes in hot-shot college athletic conferences all over the country—on the Pacific Coast, in the Middle West, the Southwest and South. It was designed to guard against such wild misadventures as Stassen's Victory with Honor program. At Penn there was undue strain upon a coach. President Harwell was empowered under the agreement to eliminate it; after taking testimony and advice from all groups concerned, he did so. It seems to this reporter that his decision was courageous, just, and the essence of good sportsmanship. Gaylord Harwell was this reporter's candidate for Sportsman of the Year.

How about next fall? Penn plays exactly the same schedule it played in 1955, in the same order, with Penn State and Navy as its two opponents outside the Ivy League. It should give a respectable account of itself in the league, on paper, anyway. There will be 46 players back from last year's varsity squad, plus last year's good freshman team. After soaking in the harm for a year, the 1956 sophomores should have added seasoning to their unquestionable power. Steve Sebo is a good coach. The record shows it. He has a good staff. But what about all those privates who voted against fighting any more under the same general? It is a pleasure to record that Steve received Christmas cards from both captains-elect, and that quite a lot of players have been dropping by his office to see him. So our morality play came to its moral and happy ending, and here's hoping that by next Thanksgiving it will be happier still. **E. H. B.**

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Dear Coach Broadhead: Remembering our discussion of your football men who were having troubles in English, I have decided to ask you, in turn, for help.

We feel that Paul Spindlerhanks, one of our most promising scholars, has a chance for a Rhodes scholarship, which would be a great thing for him and for our college.

Paul has the academic record for this grade, but we find that the applicant is also required to have other credentials, and ideally should have a good record in athletics. Paul is weak. He tries hard, but he has troubles in athletics. But he does try hard.

We propose that you give some special consideration to Paul as a varsity player, putting him, if possible, in the backfield of the football team. In this way we can show a better college record to the committee deciding on the Rhodes scholarship.

We realize that Paul will be a problem on the field, but—as you have often said—cooperation between our department and yours is highly desirable, and we do expect Paul to try hard, of course.

During intervals of study we shall coach him as much as we can. His work in the English Club and on the debate team will force him to miss many practices, but we intend to see that he carries on old football around to bounce (or whatever one does with a football) during intervals in his work.

Sincerely,
Howardyou Like Thompson,
Chairman
English Department

E. R. FIDLER

Rochester, N.Y.

NOTICE: BIG MAN'S GAME

Sirs:

It would be foolish to put a limit on the height of basketball players ("Should there be a height limit on basketball players?" *Notre Dame*, Jan. 14). The big men of today are no longer "basketball games," but most of them can shoot from the outside, pass, dribble and handle the ball as well as the playmakers. Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell are good examples of this. If a height limit were put on the tall players a great many of the skilled players would be forced not to compete.

BILL KRAH

Rochester, Texas

NOTICE: NIGHT INTERESTING

Sirs:

It would be unfair to bar a good ball-player simply because his feet are too far from his ears. Limit the total height of the five men in the game at any given time. Then if a coach wanted to play a eleven-foot goal tender he would have to throw in a couple of midgets to compensate.

I would like to see this idea tried out in a major tournament. Ought to be right interesting.

ROBERT L. BEVIS

Kansas City

NOTICE: BASKETBALL HANDICAP

Sirs:

My suggestion is to handicap basketball teams in much the same way as race horses. This would require adjustable bus-

kets and objective handicappers. To take an extreme example, imagine a team with an average height of 5 feet 4 inches playing a team averaging 6 feet 6 inches. Before the game the basket to be shot at by the shorter could be set by the handicapper at, say 9 feet, that of the taller team at 11 feet. This would, in some measure, compensate for the one unadjustable basketball variable, the height differential between opposing players, and put a higher premium on shooting skills.

GERTIE G. GOODWIN

New York City

GOLFERS OF THE U.S., ARISE

Sirs:

Herbert Warren Wind's article on country club finances ("Out West of Calcutta," *NY*, Jan. 7) was both thought-provoking and well timed.

Unfortunately, he only hinted at what could be the most important single step toward surely needed club financial reform. The life of every club is its dues and initiation fees. Both are still taxed at the new discriminatory and unfair 20% (estate tax) levied during World War II.

Until club officers, managers, employees groups and members rise up in concert and demand of the Congress of the United States that they be given fair and equal estate tax treatment, they will continue to be treated as recipients in a "weak-the-rich" and "plank-the-franchise" routine.

FRANK G. KATHMAN

Los Angeles

NOT STOVE: HERE WE GO AGAIN

Sirs:

As an old and arid baseball fan I was greatly interested in the summary of the Hot Stove trades as the *Hot Stove* trades as it (31, Jan. 7). However, it disappointed me to see the small amount of interest shown concerning any possible trades in the American League. Does this result from complacency over the fact that New York is expected to again easily capture the AL pennant?

HENRY RICHARD SILVERMAN
Briarcliff, N.Y.

● For a start, see below.—ED.

NOT STOVE: MR. SWANN EXPLAINS

Sirs:

Well, the Hot Stove league is getting better every time you print it. You printed the "new" National League (I hope a new AL comes out soon), and the sentimental fans are crying, "Don't trade my old heroes even if they don't win the pennant."

I would like to explain to Dan Sullivan of Boston (*NY*, Jan. 31, Jan. 7) why they should trade Zaichin, Lepore and Thronberry for Yost and Courtney. For one thing, you don't need Zaichin when you have Gernert and Vernon and Goodman (in a pinch) to play first. You don't need Thronberry when you have Gene Stevens, and Marty Kneigh coming up from the high minors. You don't need Lepore when you have Yost.

Yes, the Red Sox have leadoff men, but none who draw walks like Yost, none who play third base as well and none who will pull the ball over that side left field wall as often as Yost. Remember you don't play all your games at friendly Fenway, and Courtney is one of the low "near 300" hitting ruckers around. He and Klase could

really spark up some of those is-de-da guys you have.

AM SWANN

North Dade, Ind.

NOT STOVE: ATTN. MR. SWANN

Sirs:

Please inform Mr. Jim Swann (*NY*, Dec. 17 and above) that if Newk were traded to the Sox, Lopez would be out of his rind if he used in platoon Newk as a pitcher and a first baseman. Modern-day pitchers have enough trouble with their arms trying to pitch every four days without playing another position.

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Mahepar, N.Y.

NOT STOVE: GIANTS' DREAM WORLD

Sirs:

As a wishful New York Giant fan (there aren't many of them nowadays) I wish to give my assistance that I am capable of to the Giant front office. Appalled by the flock of Dodger dreamers, I will now share the contents of my own dream world.

Fear simple trades do the elementary work. Gomez, H. Thompson and Margonari to Cincinnati for Burges and Thurman. Aronoff, Grissom, Broussard, Rhodes and Burges to Philadelphia for Hadfield, Lopata and Repulisti. Schwarzkopf, Mueller and Wilhelm to Milwaukee for Crona, Thomson and O'Connell. Thomson, Earl, Rishin and Thurman to Chicago for Rush, Meryn and Johnson.

A fifth trade might be needed: Nigley for either Stengel or Toback.

WILLIAM L. BAKER

Kitchik, Austria

NOT STOVE: LOGN AND CRUDDER

Sirs:

I was looking over the "National League as Hot Stove Trades See It" and being a most loyal Cardinal fan I looked first at the Cardinal column. When I missed such Cardinal greats as Ken Boyer and Walby Moon I imagined someone who isn't very well acquainted with the Cardinals had "traded" these stars. When I found that they had been "traded" to the Dodgers I began to shudder.

DALE BOHRSTETTER

Miss, Pa.

NOT STOVE: A REALIST SPEAKS

Sirs:

I'm a sensible baseball fan. Even after a quick glance over the Hot Stove National League (*NY*, Dec. 17, Jan. 7) some strange changes are seen:

- 1) Not a Dodger as the Dodgers.
 - 2) Half of the Dodgers are on the Giants.
 - 3) Bender's on Pittsburgh!
 - 4) 1/2 of the Giants are on the Dodgers.
- As for trades I think could or will materialize, these are my predictions:
- 1) Paly and money for Jackson (B hole in Reds).
 - 2) Burges for Erdine and money—or—
 - 3) Burges and money or a "small" player for Rush (who is still on the trade block).
 - 4) Bridges and Grunman for Buhl and an infielder.

Well, these are my views and no doubt someone thinks I am off my rocker, as I do of others, but everyone in his own viewpoint, I say.

STAN LINDVOLD

Chicazotti

EAT ON THE BACK



TOUCHDOWN DINNER TROPHY WINNERS

Others, awards were made at the 33rd annual dinner of the Tenthousand Club of Washington, D.C., to honor affiliates who served in the year 1966. Some of the nation's most distinguished men gathered at this three-knives affair, and among those taking part in the presentation were Vice-President Richard Nixon, Speaker Sam Rayburn, Rep. Joseph W. Martin Jr., Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr., Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., USAF, and Major General Richard C. Head Jr., USAF.

After an all-hands-on-deck holiday luncheon of turkey, silver and gold medals, and a presentation of a bouquet of tulips (silver and gold) to the wives, the evening was capped by the singing of the national anthem. Participating were the 10th, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 68

[illegible]

annual letter. Ledell played Blaine Faidone, Eastern High School, Astoria, Ore., outstanding prep school player. Duff Ogleman, Oak Land, Queen of Peace, Washington D.C., returned as all-school player. Albi Yarnhill, head coach at Allied University, Alfred, N.Y., award to outstanding coach. Paul Hartung of Notre Dame was given the Walter Camp Memorial Trophy for the year's outstanding college back, but did not make the All-star album. Awards were also given to Oklahoma as collegiate team champions, to Auburn Lee Howell and Frank Clifford of the State Park Glades as individual and player of the year.



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